SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 37 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1877. $2.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 11.

MY SWEETHEART.

Do you know my sweetheart, sir?
She has fled and gone away.
I've lost my love; pray tell to me
Have you met her pass to-day?

Dewy bluebells are her eyes;
Golden corn her waving hair;
Her cheeks are of the sweet blush-rose:
Have you seen this maiden fair?

White lilies are her neck, sir;
And her breath the eglantine;
The murmuring brooklet her song;
Her tears, so full of tender pity,
Are the clouds ere borne along.

The sunbeams are her smiles,
The leaves her footsteps light;
To kiss each coy flower into life
Is her love's delight.

I will tell you who she is,
And how all things become her.
Bend down, that I may whisper:
My sweetheart's name is—"Summer."

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER VI.

SEEKING THE SUNLIGHT.

"May I go into the city with you, papa?"

It was Ada who spoke, placing one white hand on her father's arm as he was drawing on his overcoat, preparatory to leaving the house.

"Why, where did you come from, child?" Mr. Venner asked, greeting her with a kiss; "You must be shod with silence, to steal upon one so unawares. Are you better? You were not down to breakfast, and Judith said you were not well."

"I am able to go to the city with you, however, if you will let me," she said, with a faint smile. "I have set my heart upon it, papa, so don't refuse."

"Refuse?" he said, smiling at the suggestion; and placing one hand under her chin he raised a very white face to his to kiss. "Did I ever in your life refuse you anything that you asked of me? But why this pale face, little one? You are certainly ill, and will not tell me."

"No, no, I am not ill, only restless, papa. I must have something to do—something to divert my mind. Your office has two rooms, and you need some one to help you. I write rapidly and well. Let me go and write for you to-day, please?"

There was no resisting that sweet, pleading voice, and Mr. Venner smiled down upon her a little sadly, for like was the white face and the lines of pain about the quivering mouth troubled him.

"And if you go to-day will you not want to go to-morrow, and the day after?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I shall want to go every day when the weather is pleasant," she answered, in her straightforward manner. You are working very hard, papa, and you need some one to help you. I shall do as well as any one, and I must have employment other than I have here." Then looking wistfully up in his face, the lines of pain about her mouth deepening: "I never keep anything from you, papa. Harry Delmont was here last night, and I think it has rather unsettled me."

A dark look came into Mr. Venner's proud face.

"Harry Delmont must come here no more," he said, fiercely. "He has proved himself no gentleman, and utterly unworthy the confidence we have reposed in him."

"Do not say he must come no more," she said. "He asked last night if he might come as a friend sometimes, and I gave him permission to do so. Let me have my way in this, as you always have in everything else, papa."

His only answer was a half sad smile. She was very, very dear to him, this pretty wayward child. She always seemed a child to him; though she was taller than most women, and could be all that a woman should be when she tried. She had been his constant companion—when at home—for years, and she had filled his heart as no other could ever have done. She was a spoiled child he knew, passionate, impulsive, wayward; but she was proud, and truthful. She had trusted her implicitly, and his faith in her had never been shaken. All her life long there had been an intangible sympathy between them, which showed itself more in the way one sought the other for companionship than by any word or act of either. She had grown up almost exclusively under his training, her mother's life having been absorbed by worldly pursuits to pay any particular attention to the education or moral training of her daughter; and he had watched with pleasure the unfolding of the rare mind, and had moulded it very nearly to his will. He had never schooled her in the art of cleverness, for this he considered a accomplishment belonging by pre-eminently to the people of the world. To him the word clever meant flattery, and flattery to his mind was nothing short of polite lying. Nor had he used to direct her mind from the social behavior, for she was as frank as ever he could wish; speaking her thoughts without embarrassment and in her own polite language, and clothing her plainest ideas with a charm that was irresistibly winning and which won her many friends. He had hoped to give her a different future than that apparently before her; though he had never dreamed she was to be brought up in, though a hard one, was just what was needed to develop the finer traits of her character, which otherwise might have lain dormant all her life, or worse, be choked out by the poison influences that are always thrown around the wealthy. Something like this was running through his brain, as he stood beside her and that bright Winter morning and with strangly mixed feeling of pleasure and pain, he patted her pale cheek and said:

"Well if you must go with me, wrap up well. This will be a cold day as yesterday; the air is quite keen without."

Thus it was, that day after day when the weather would permit, Ada sat as a quaint shrouded look in her father's office, her pen flying as swiftly over the smooth sheet before her, as if her daily bread depended solely on her own efforts. And Harry Delmont, either out of sympathy for the man who was struggling so bravely to rebuild his fallen fortune, or because his own affairs had been sadly disarranged, or for some other inexplicable reason, threw a great deal of work into Mr. Venner's hands; consequently he was often at the office. Sometimes he would go in to speak to Ada, always leaving her, however, with a half sad, half thoughtful look on his handsome patrician face.

"What can it all mean?" Mr. Venner asked himself one day. He had thought Harry Delmont a man of honor and a gentleman, and wholly incapable of the cringing cowardice he had evidently been guilty of. Even yet there was a doubt lingering in his mind—an idea that Harry Delmont was not what he seemed. There was a mystery, and he had a vague suspicion that if only the right thread could be found the whole thing could be easily unravelled. However, he soon found the unravelling process too intricate a business for even his legal sagacity, and he resolved to leave the matter to Father Time, who unravels all things. And Winter, yielding to the balmy influence of Spring, dropped slowly her icy garb, and soon the hills and tree, tore put on their brightest green, and the world was jubilant with rejoicing life.

One day there were some papers wanted on very short notice, and Ada's nimble fingers were flying with almost incredible rapidity over the smooth sheet before her, when Harry Delmont came in and stood beside her. She acknowledged his presence with a smile and a bow, and wrote on without speaking. After watching her for some time he said:

"I do not wish to disturb you, but will you allow me to ask whence you draw the ethereal essence which animates your frame? You are never tired, never discouraged. You sit here day after day, as if the only charm life holds for you is contained in the one sheet of work."

"And is work so terrible a word?" she asked, smiling. "It is very essential to some people's happiness, I think. And in turn allow me to ask if one of his station in life, and with not fight them bravely and without repining?"

His eyes fell before the glance of hers. His were not the first eyes that had drooped before Ada Venner's clear, unfaltering glance.

"It is the better way," he said, hurredly. "But you are so fond of the sunshine, and the birds, and all that the Spring brings, that it seems you must long for a caged bird here. Then, too, you have such splendid gardens at home. I have imagined you with hoe and rake, taming yourself brown as a dairy maid, for the sake of having plenty of flowers through the Summer."

She looked up with a quick discerning glance. She saw that he was not ridiculing her, and replied:

"I do love flowers, but I have no taste whatever for cultivating them. The process by which they reach the altitude of their beauty is too slow for my impulsive nature. Papa has engaged a gardener, who is said to have exquisite taste in those things, however; and until his flowers reach perfection, I shall seek mine in Nature's gardens. Wild flowers are much earlier than tame ones, you know. They seem to have been endowed with an instinct for choosing the most fertile spots and the proper degree of sunshine for their early development. Then, too, they always look fresh and bright—never parched and faded as our garden flowers often do."

"One might learn a lesson from the flowers, might one not?" he asked. "If we, like them, knew just what degree of sunlight to choose, and what is otherwise best for us, we might always be happy."

She understood the metaphor at once.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully; but as we do not know those things, there need be no beaten path for any of us. If we unconsciously come into too broad a glare of sunlight, if we have the moral courage to retreat, all may be well. If we stray into the dark or shaded places, we need only turn heart and work our way into sunlight again."

He looked down on the flushed, animated face, on the white intellectual brow, with genuine surprise. Where could the girl have found all this wealth of subtile fancy and keen perception. Was it Pandora, he wondered, trying to arouse the sluggish memory, to whom each of the gods contributed something to make her more perfect? Then he remembered that Pandora's charms were mostly those of face and form, whilst those of this daughter of the gods were mostly of the mind. Before he spoke again she pointed to the window.

"See where the sun is" she said; "and I promised papa this copy by sundown, and I am only little more than half done."

"And I have kept you from writing all this time. I am truly sorry, and, as I can be of no assistance to you, I will hinder you no longer."

He bade her good-evening, lingering a moment, as if reluctant to go; then he bowed himself out. Ada did not hasten to resume her work, however. She leaned her head upon her hands, and looked out at the fast sinking sun, a look of infinite sadness slowly overspreading her face.

"It is because I am so much better, or so much worse than other women, that I must love, yet cannot forgive him!" she murmured. "Oh, the world! the world! why was I kept in ignorance of its cruel selfishness so long?"

She had no time for bitter reflections, however, and she knew it. With a long weary sigh she took up the pen and turned to her desk again. At first her pen moved very slowly; but the subdued sadness of her face gradually brightened into interest—the pen began to move rapidly, and just as the sun was sinking from sight, she placed the copy in her father's hands and laid down her pen for the night.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSIEUR CASSINO.

Spring had glided into Summer, and when the air was full of the delicious odor of ripening fruits and blooming flowers and new-mown hay there came a pleasing invitation from a brother of Mrs. Venner's for Ada and her mother to come and spend a few weeks in the country. Mr. Venner hailed the invitation with unfeigned delight. The warm weather and close confinement to the office were telling fast on Ada's strength, and he hoped the change would direct Mrs. Venner's mind from her imaginary sorrows. For several years the two families had seen very little of each other; the two brothers, though greatly attached to each other, being so occupied with their different pursuits that they seldom met for more than a few moments conversation. Mrs. Venner of the country stood in such awe of her aristocratic sister-in-law, and Mrs. Venner, of the city, was so in love with her self-made ease to render their visits very few and far between. Poverty, that wretched equaliser of mankind, however, had inclined Mrs. Venner, of the city, to smile more graciously on her sister-in-law, who was now the richer of the two; hence, we suppose, this pressing invitation.

Ada was overjoyed at the prospect of a month in the country. She could not be spared from the office as her father's business had increased so rapidly of late that he could well afford a clerk, so on that matter her mind was at rest. Mrs. Venner received the invitation with perfect indifference. She had declared months before that nothing under the blue heavens should ever interest her again, and she was evidently determined to live faithfully and religiously up to that declaration. The next week, however, found them installed in a large, airy farmhouse, and surrounded by everything necessary to health and comfort. Mrs. Venner of the country, had two daughters. Edith was about Ada's own age—Lizzie some three years younger. Both were bright, intelligent girls and very pleasant companions. To Ada, this life, so free from all restrain, was like some wild, sweet poem. It was the very life that suited her independent character. It was equal to a stroll in the garden of the Hesperides to roam, in the balmy morning air, through the grand old orchards, gathering the lucious fruits and feasting on purple grapes; or lying on the fragrant mated of clover beneath noonday sun, rough and quarled with time, listening dreamily to one of her cousins reading aloud, she would half wonder if she had not been suddenly transported to one of the enchanted islands of which she had read in the fairy tales of her childhood. Of pleasant evenings they would don riding habits, and, mounting the ponies which Mr. Venner had turned over to their use, scour over the free as the wind. About a mile from Mr. Venner's farm lay a range of hills along the Hudson, intersected with deep glens and shady roads, and forming a most wild, rude and picturesque beauty. One of these hills, the highest of the range, affords a splendid view of the country for miles around. One evening the girls rode over to the top of this hill, stopping their horses on its summit to admire the view. It was a picture well worthy the inspection of an artist, and Ada took in its whole beauty at a glance. On one hand lay the great city, its glittering spires piercing the clouds, and westward the last rays of the setting sun was softening the landscape into radiant beauty, whilst on the river far below them a magnificent steamer ploughed her way through the seemingly sleeping waters; and over all lay the glory and grandeur and sublime stillness of a soft Summer night. To Ada the scene was grand, magnificent, and awe-inspiring all in one.

"How glorious it all is!" she exclaimed, without moving her eyes from the scene. "When I die, I want it to be in just such a place as this. I want to breathe out my life surrounded by nature's beauties with the murmur of the ever lasting waters lull me to my last rest."

"How strange of you to talk of death as if it were something to be desired, Ada," said Edith, with a little shudder. "I never think of it when I can possibly avoid it. It is the only thing that I have actual fear of."

"And why?" rejoined Ada. "The young should not fear it, for it is one of the fixed laws of Nature, and to the old it must seem a delicious rest after a long journey. To me there is something grand and noble in the way in which the phenix bids farewell to earth. When old and full of years they seek some elevated spot, far above the cares and ills of life, and there builds, of odorous woods, his funeral pile, and, singing his most melodious song, burns himself out his life surrounded by the things he loves."

To Edith this was all an anomaly. She was not at all poetic. She could see nothing grand or noble in a bird growing tired of life and choosing certain kinds of wood to die upon. She had never seen an hour's illness in her life, or a moment of real sorrow. She loved all that was bright and cheerful, and enjoyed life too well to think of giving it up with any other than feelings of regret. So she made no reply to Ada just then. A few moments later, however, she said:

"See how fast the night is coming on, Ada, and we are fully two miles from home."

Ada came back from her visionary world, and, gathering up the reins, she three dashed off down the hill. When they had reached a level plain they came down to a walk, and suddenly Edith said:

"Oh, yonder is Monsieur Cassino, and he is riding this way. I am so glad, Ada, for I am sure you will like him. He is young, very handsome for anything, and as rich as Crœsus, and perfectly fascinating besides! He is a foreigner, too—father Italian and mother French. Just think of it, Ada Italian and French! And he talks both languages like a parrot, and everybody here calls him Monsieur Victor—lovely name isn't it? and the girls are all dying for him, and he cares for none of them. Edith paused for breath and saw a mischievous smile playing on Ada's lips.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked, riding closer to Ada's side. "Not at me, I hope."

"I was only thinking that your recommendation of Monsieur Cassino is not one calculated to impress one very favorably. If I am to judge from it, you have just said, your whole community will soon be shrouded in mourning. Do you not think we had better avoid Monsieur Cassino and save our mothers, at least, from being obliged to go into mourning during this horribly hot weather?"

"Withhold your criticisms, for pity's sake!" cried Edith, in a tone of mock anguish, admirably executed. "I give you my sacred word of honor—on which I set no little store, I assure you—that this is my first attempt at enthusiasm, and as I shall, in all probability, never make another, do deal as gently as possible with me."

Ada and Lizzie laughed as heartily as Monsieur Cassino's close proximity would admit, and the next moment Monsieur was making his best bow to Ada, in answer to Edith's smiling introduction. Had not a silent warning came to Ada she might have avoided what that followed her first acquaintance with Monsieur, but no thought disturbed her. Had her good angel been lured into the drowsy dwelling of Somnus, he could not have been more silent. And Monsieur Cassino rode along by her side, saying brilliant nothings in his fascinating way, and bowing and smiling when occasion required, with as much ease and grace as if he had the whole vocabulary of French politeness under his special control. Ada found an almost irresistable charm in his society during the evening which he spent at the farmhouse, and though Edith had informed her of his origin, she could scarcely associate such eyes and features as his with any but Hellenic blood. What eyes they were! long, dark and melting, with a slumbering volcano down deep in their mellow depths; whilst every feature of the handsome, clear-cut face was worthy of the chisel of a Phidias. Let Monsieur Cassino's mind be what it might morally, physically he was perfect. Nature had lingered lovingly over her work, and had acquitted herself nobly. All that evening he hovered near Ada; talking of music and poetry and painting, as if he had an intuitive knowledge of what she liked best. He was a musician, too —whoever saw an Italian who was not? and his excellent taste, combined with Ada's clear soprano and Edith's alto, like the music of running waters. He was altogether a very agreeable companion; but this much Ada had noticed before the evening was half spent. His tastes were in perfect sympathy with hers; but there was somewhere in their compositions a lack of congeniality. Some one says, and rightly too, that "a similarity of tastes is a pleasing attraction, but congeniality of principles is the cement of souls." Monsieur Cassino attracted even whilst he repelled her. He interested her even whilst she mistrusted him. Yet there was something in the novelty of the thing that pleased her almost against her will. "Vanity, of course!" says some one, and we reply that never was a woman who had pride enough to be a lady in its true sense, who was not just a little vain? The more good sound sense the less vanity though, and the two forming a most perfect and happy combination, a heart full of honest pride—an abundance of good sound sense, with just enough of vanity to make her an agreeable companion, and feel that she was fully capable of passing anywhere in a crowd—if we are allowed the expression—without being pushed. She admired Monsieur Cassino both physically and mentally. As for morally, she had never thought of that. Being sure herself as mortals ever are, she was slow to suspicion others, and it was with a little blush of pardonable pride that she saw when Monsieur Cassino left the garden that night that his last look, his last word, was for her.

Mrs. Venner's motherly instincts were easily aroused, and before he had been an hour in the house, she had learned all that was known or suspicioned of Monsieur Cassino. One thing which interested her greatly was this. He was very wealthy; and her sister-in-law had been told and believed by the majority of France. This was balm to Mrs. Venner's wounded soul. She was determined to make something of the advantage placed before her. Perhaps the Fates had not been so unkind as she had thought, and in losing Harry Delmont, though she could not as yet realize it, she might have gained much. At last she would strive to throw off the lethargy that oppressed her, and feel an interest in what was passing around her. Monsieur Cassino had been in America three years; her sister-in law had told her, and was so well pleased with the manners and customs of the people that he still lingered, loth to break the enchanted spell. His present house was in New York city, where he expected to join his mother in his only surviving parent in a few days. Something must be done to detain him. If she only could influence Ada. If Ada only could see things as she did! This man was wealthy, likely beyond question of what he ever known, and allied to royalty. And in Europe it was only a step from royalty to a crown. Ah, Heaven! Only to think of what was almost within her grasp! It was one fair field was open to Ada. Her nieces had no thought of winning this bright particular star. They would shun thinking of such a thing the very height of presumption. If they were allowed to bask in the golden rays until he chose to withdraw them forever, it was all they would presume to hope for. For Ada, however, there was hope, if she would only seize the golden opportunity. With her grace and purity, and superior intellect, and sparkling manner, she was fit for a king.

Strange to say, for feminine natures are not always so generous, Mrs. Venner's nieces and their mother, all were anxious to see Ada win the great prize. Lizzie, however, was too young to think of marrying, as yet, and her mother being of a clinging, affectionate nature, and loving the society of her daughters too well to part from off her hands in pursuit of a brilliant marriage, and Edith, loving liberty too well, having never yet met her fate to sacrifice it until she had fully enjoyed it, the field was open to Ada, and than it might otherwise have been, for Edith had many attractions, which but for Ada's superior intellect, would have made her quite a formidable rival.

Ada was not insensible to the homage paid her by Monsieur Victor, and though as we have already given her credit, she possessed very little vanity, she went to her room that night with a strangely mixed feeling of pleasure and pain, and bewilderment prevading her whole being. She stepped before the glass to assure herself then of her face had not partaken in some way of the change in her feelings. She saw no change, however, except that her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy, and there was a scarlet spot on either cheek. These were all she saw that was new or strange. The polished mirror reflected nothing of the future, and she stood before it still, and thought—thought of Harry Delmont and his false love, wondering how he would feel to see her married to Monsieur Cassino in her white veil and orange blossoms, and if he would not curse the hour in which he had lost her! And from this her thoughts wandered off to fair Italian shores with turquoise skies and grand old ruins, and palaces of art; and still the glass told her nothing. It had been a long day, and soon the white lids drooped wearily over the tired eyes, and turning from the mirror she unrobed for the night, and was soon enjoying the sweet sleep of innocence.

A part of every day following his introduction to Ada, Monsieur Cassino spent at the farmhouse. He made himself Ada's very shadow during those golden afternoons, and Miss Venner was in ecstacies.

"If Ada only will be sensible!" she had said to her sister-in-law again and again, always adding: "But she is so wilful that I dare not speak to her."

To use the rather indegant allegorical language of the present day, the "wilful" girl kept her anxious mother in "hot water" concerning her intentions toward Monsieur Cassino. She seemed never to long for his coming, and amused him when he was with her, evidently for no other reason than because he looked for her to do so. And Mrs. Venner fumed inwardly, knowing or fearing, at least, that if she said anything to Ada she would precipitate that she most dreaded; and sitting quietly by, day after day, she saw Ada let one golden opportunity after another slip from her grasp and, wonderful to relate, kept silent. I do not condemn her, oh ye matchmaking mothers! for strange as it may seem, for once, and perhaps for the first time in her life, Mrs. Venner was right. Ada was no flirt, and had she become aware that Monsieur Cassino was really in love with her, her truthful nature would have scorned the thought of keeping him in ignorance of the fact that the wound in her heart was too fresh to be readily healed by another love.

Thus matters stood, when one evening the girls rode over to the same hill, and from summit they had watched the sunset on the evening of Monsieur Cassino's first meeting with Ada. Monsieur Cassino was with them that night—the evening was lovely—not too warm, though profoundly still. The sky was cloudless, with the exception of a bank of gorgeous colors in the west, and the sun, as it sank from sight, threw shades and sun-touched clouds, and delicate tints that poets love. Think, mademoiselle, of the sun setting in an Italian sky, and pouring out its thousand variegated lights over lofty mountains, wrapped in soft, purple shadows over grand old ruins, decked with clinging roses and ivy and clematis, whose perfume beauty alone is a sight worth half the years of one's life."

She heard him, but did not answer. She was far away among the scenes he had painted. He looked up into the glowing face.

"What eyes!" he murmured in his silken moustache; "ma foi, they are as limpid as lake water. You have never seen our sunny Italy?"

He paused, in the same low, liquid tones. "You should see Rome if nothing more, mademoiselle. What all your cities put together would be to America, Rome is to Italy! Rome Rome is to the whole world in every sense else! Her air is like the song of the sirens, and it wooes one to life rather than death. One feels that one has never lived before, and one's greatest wish is to stay there always."

"Ah! how I have dreamed of it," she breathed. "Dreamed of the blue skies of Italy, the thunders of Vesuvius and Etna, the sunsets, with the soft, golden glow and purple lights blending with the violet twilight, and the Ave Marias chiming out on the air soft and low as the tones of a mother's blessing. Ah! I have dreamed of all these and more, of the palaces of art, the music such as no other nation has, of the grand works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, of the Pantheon, and, oh! to see the coliseum by moonlight. As you speak the golden sunset of Italy fades, so have I dreamed of your glorious Italy."

He looked up into her eyes as she finished speaking, the only really pure and holy feeling he had ever known since his boyhood thrilling him with a reverence not unmixed with awe—a reverence such as one is supposed to feel when in the presence of angels. Then suddenly he was on his feet, and by her side as her own. That there was nothing in this life that he dared not reveal to her. What a mortal she would be to his future. And standing there looking down into the pure face, the only pure love for woman that had ever mingled with his life, dawned upon him—overpowering delicious because of its nevernessand purity. Scornful he shook off the memories of his own reckless and sensual nature. It was a glimpse of Paradise—this new love, a breath of fragrance from the immortal flowers, never to be his again, perhaps; but it stirred him to purified him, and for the moment made him long for a purer and nobler life. And for the moment it paralyzed him; not only morally, but physically. All that was pure in his nature seemed to rise above the coarser elements transfiguring his face till its expression became almost holy, making his liquid tones clearer, deeper and more earnest in their pleading tenderness.

"You shall see all these, Mademoiselle. You shall go to my beloved Italy if you will. You may think me presumptuous, but I must speak. I love you, mademoiselle; I loved you, I think, the moment I saw you. Be my good angel henceforth. You can guide me as you wish make of me what you will. I am rich. You shall have all you can ask of this world's goods. You shall see 'la Belle France'—all parts of the world, and the great men and women of our day. We will visit the tombs of our great painters and poets. You shall stand where Michael Angelo and Raphael gave their great inspirations to the world. You shall see Florence, where the great Dante, greatest of poets, immortalized his beloved Beatrice, with his graphic pen. You shall wander near the ground, now near to many of Italy's sons, where he served his country so faithfully, and breathe the air from the hilltops where, when an exile from, all that was dear, he wrote that poem of poems, "La Divina Commedia," you can ask nothing that will be denied you. Tell me, mademoiselle, will you be my wife? Will you go with me to our sunny, laurel crowned Italy?"

He paused for her answer; the passionate resonance of his voice dying slowly away on the quiet air; his delicate, clear cut face full of worshipful devotion.

She started back, pale and trembling, though not with fear. She was not used to such ardent wooing. She believed Monsieur Cassino to be deeply in earnest, and she dreaded to give him pain. Yet she had no intention of giving him an absolute refusal; at least, not to-night. She was not in love with Monsieur; but she was getting rather practical in these things since Harry Delmont's treachery; she feared, and she wished with all her heart that she loved this man. The Upas breath of the world, however, had touched her very lightly, and her frank, truthful nature soon asserted itself.

"You know so little of me, monsieur, and I know so little of you," she said, gently. "My home, however, is only a few miles away. I have lived there all my life, and what there is known of me can be easily learned. Our tastes are in perfect unison. An hour with you is to me an hour spent in fairy land. I respect you. I admire you; but I fear I do not love you, and I could not marry a man whom I did not love."

"Love will come with time," he said, passionately. "I will teach you to love me, mademoiselle, and oh, how sweet will be the task! I can bring you any proof, as to character or standing, that you or your friends may require. Will you give me leave to win your love if I can? And when I may call you mine, we will go to the land of promise—the world's garden of roses—our smiling sunny Italy!"

His soft, slumbering eyes now, eloquent as his tones, looked up into hers, pleading for him as no words would have done. In her heart there was no love for him; but as she looked down on his handsome uplifted face, she felt that to learn to love him would be a very easy task. She was proud very proud! and she thought of how her love had been thrown aside by one who had won its first freshness; withdrawing his own and offering her only a cold friendship instead, thinking to bask in the sunshine of her smiles unrivaled. She had been more than woman, had she been above a desire to give him back a little of the pain he had dealt her. If her life must be separate from his, why let memory linger over an object so unworthy? Why not let him see that she could live and love as though he had never been? Then, too, the influence of the scene, and her lover's graphic eloquence was still upon her and pleading for him. How could she fail to love him, she asked herself, when he loved her so well, if he never let her fail herself promised?

"I have something to tell you before I promise you anything," she said, "something which it is your right to know. I cannot tell you now to-night. Come to-morrow, and you shall have it. I will not deny you."

"You can tell me nothing of yourself that will make me regret anything I have said to you to night," he said, pressing his lips to her white hand. "For the one crumb of comfort you have given me, I thank you more than I can tell you."

At this juncture the girls rode up, fresh and rosy, from a gallop over the hills.

"We will give you and my cousin sole pressy alive of the sunset, monsieur," said Edith. "We, my sister and I, have so little of poetry in our souls that we prefer a swift gallop instead. We have enjoyed our part immensely, and hope you have done the same."

"Your faces confirm your declaration," said he, gallantly. "I, perhaps, shall have to speak in words. The sunset was magnificent, mademoiselle. May I cease to breathe, when I cease to remember this hour?"

"Do you remember, Edith, that there is a superstition among the ancients, that some good deed performed at the hour of every dying creature, bestowing on each some invaluable gift?" asks Ada, with a light laugh. "Monsieur Cassino's gift, as you cannot fail to perceive, was eloquence."

"And need I regret it when it serves me so well?" asks monsieur, with a look that brings the rose into Ada's cheek. "No take all the gifts the gods be pleased to bestow on me. Pardons, but leave me my eloquence!"

"Pandora's gifts all escaped her, did they not, monsieur?" asks Ada, laughing again.

All but Hope, mademoiselle. Hope was left," he answers, smiling significantly, and bowing with his hand on his heart, and mademoiselle need agree with me that one can endure great things if one have hope as an incentive."

CHAPTER VIII.

SOLITUDE.

They rode up to the house chatting gaily, and Monsieur Cassino assisted the ladies to alight.

"You will stay the evening with us, will you not, Monsieur?" asked Edith, "and we will have music. In fact, you may consider yourself engaged for the time Ada is with us; your voices blend so beautifully."

Ada stood on the steps in front of the house, her habit gathered gracefully up in one gauntleted hand, whilst with the other, which held her keen riding whip, she tapped rather unmercifully a thrifty rose vine which climbed nearly to the roof of the piazza.

"Shall I stay, mademoiselle," Monsieur asked, coming to her side with his quick, graceful step. "I leave it with you to decide."

"Stay, by all means," she rejoined, striking a rose a telling blow which sent the crushed petal flying in a mass at his feet.

He stooped down and picked up the bruised fragrant leaves.

"Is the rose typical?" he asked, with his mellow laugh. "Do you win hearts only to strike the life out of them thus cruelly, mademoiselle?"

Her truthful eyes met his.

"Do not misjudge me, monsieur, "she said with quivering lips, "I have my faults, but I am no coquette."

He looked pityingly on the broken flower in his hand. Her eyes followed his and filled quickly with involuntary tears. Thus they stood for a moment, the pose of her stately figure speaking defiance, whilst her eyes contradicted it—he still looking down on the flower in his hand, both making a very picture in the lovely crimson light of the evening. He dropped the flower and said quickly:

"Forgive me, mademoiselle. You have no faults, at least in my eyes."

"Pick up the flower," she said. "Because I is crushed it does not necessarily waste its fragrance on the desert air. There, I will take you, poor broken flower;" and taking it tenderly from his hand, they entered the house together.

Mrs. Venner had ushered them from the parlor window the little tableau vivant over the rose, though she had not heard what was said; and while Ada went to her room to lay off her habit, she entertained Monsieur Cassino. He did not leave her side till Ada came down again; then he rose and bowed to Mrs. Venner, and, crossing the room with a grace which many young ladies might well envy, led Ada to the piano.

The music was never better, and when Ada rose from the instrument, Edith took her place and played a charming waltz, and Monsieur Cassino and Ada whirled away to the witching strain. Monsieur waltzed superbly, and Ada was as fair in that pleasing accomplishment, and Mrs. Venner looked on with inward pride, sighing contentedly as she thought how well mated they were, her sharp mental vision catching the gleam of royalty in the distance. Round and round they glided, never they went, his arm around her waist, their breaths mingling, and every step taken with the precision of clock work—quickening as the music grew more and more excited, and growing slower as it fell, till both the music and the motion of the dancers reminded one of the soft, undulating waves of the sea.

"Oh!" at last Ada drew a long breath when the waltz had ended, "how I should like to go on like this forever. You seem to have a faculty for catching one's step, monsieur, I should not have told but that I have waltzed with you for years."

"You flatter me, mademoiselle. The perfection is in yourself. You waltz like a French woman, and believe me, one can scarce do better than that."

Mrs. Venner, thinking it the proper thing to do, rushed up to compliment Monsieur on his dancing. Monsieur Cassino possessed that rare and happy faculty of never looking bored over anything.

"Bestow your compliments on mademoiselle here, madame," he said in his airy manner. "It was her sharing that made mine appear to such good advantage. Much as I envy her the credit, I dare not rob her of her just due. Shall we take a turn on the piazza, mademoiselle?"

He offered his arm with that irresistible grace of his, and led her out where the silvery moonlight streamed through the trees, and the fragrance of the flowers filled the air, winking facetiously, as if they half understood the story they were about to hear.

Monsieur Cassino was undoubtedly in love, Dear natured love it was too, but he had lost that elevated feeling which had made him plead his cause from impulse alone, and the natural characteristics of the man began to show their dark powers. He was cool and wary, and could read this artless girl like an open book. We must do him the credit to say that he liked her better for her simplicity, however, and was determined to win her, cost what it might. He knew where her weak point lay, and he did not scruple to take advantage of it. He had brought her out among the dark shadows, into the moonlit loneliness of the night, think he, and rightly too, that these would help him plead his cause. He did not broach the subject nearest his heart at once, however. He talked to her first of his travels and the countries he had seen, and admitts led the conversation into the channel he wished.

"Who is it," she asked, in reply to something which he had said "that the flowers are one never-changing beauty? We grow tired of music and dancing, and everything of that nature to which we delight. Nature is always new, and affords one as nothing else ever does."

"Because, as you have already said, these things are one never-changing beauty. We feel and know that they are the fixed laws of nature are immutable. We cannot control them. We can detract nothing from, nor add anything to their loveliness. Hence, nature has a sameness that is unique to those for us, and we never weary of her."

Then, in his low liquid voice, he told her of the scenes he loved—of the radiant luminous s with its whirling dervishes, of the bustling brown of granite along the shore-fronts, splashed with sway of the gorgeous sunsets, wrapped in violet shadows; of grand old ruins moist fields of wild sweet lavender tangled with reeds and rushes, and wild roses fragrant with dew and loading the air with their soft perfume; whilst over all looked down the mellow golden sunshine—the blue scintillating, laughing skies of glorious Italy. With those luminous eyes looking down upon her, the liquid music of his voice in her ears, and the soft moss and sombre light of a still August night over and about her, the girl was delighted, bewildered, entranced.

"You had something to tell me," he resumed in his smooth accents," and though it can make no difference with me, as you wish it, I am willing to listen."

"It is your due," she said, looking off on the moonlit meadows with eyes which had not yet come back from fairy land. And without won

during if he were in her place would he lay here his immortal heart, and tell her of each new wound she told him all—holding back nothing of that first sweet, blighted dream of love. Now and then a jealous fire flared up from the smouldering depths of Lucian's eyes, but he spoke not a word until she had finished. Then he said in a voice which betrayed the deep of emotion:

"You will soon look upon this as an idle dream. With all your purity of heart you could not give your full love to an object so unworthy. Forget him; he is not worthy your slightest thought."

He had heard her story, and was more determined than ever to win her love; but he did not tell her his. Ah! Monsieur Cassius! had your life been so pure, so chaste, that there is no need for confession? Though the fire of jealousy was raging at white heat in his heart, he did not deem it necessary for her to know how often he had indulged in a grande passion himself or how little of pure, unadulterated love was mixed with his wooing. How strange that a man who has dashed recklessly into all sorts of vice, whose loves are comparative as numerous as the sands of the sea, will invariably require of woman the first, pure love of her life, and will despise in her only his betrothed, shapeless heart, and his corrupt morals, as if they were worthy of all else he has to give. Pretty exchange to offer for a pure love and a lifetime of unfailing devotion!

"You will soon forget all this," he said again, smothering his jealousy as best he could. "It is needless for me to say that what you have told me can make no difference with me. I shall wait and watch, and some day you will know that your smile rests on me, that your eyes meet mine in confidence, that I have your approval in all that I do or say. And I have a home to offer you, madamoiselle—a home great favor; though one that you can easily guard, and which will bring me a world of happiness. When I return to New York, which will be soon, will you go with me and spend a few weeks with us? My mother will be delighted, and as you have never been to New York, you cannot fail to enjoy it. If you consent—and I pray you will—we will have my mother come up, and you shall return to her under her chaperonage. I have already gained your mother's consent, and have only to gain yours. You will go, will you not, mademoiselle?" he said, gazing eloquently again. "You will not refuse me so small a request, when my happiness depends so entirely upon it?"

"I do not refuse," she said hesitatingly. "I know no one in New York, monsieur, and it seems so far away!"

"Know no one in New York? Shall not I be with you, and my mother? You will love her in an hour, mademoiselle. As for the distance it is only a pleasant trip down the river, and when you return my mother shall come with you. You will go, will you not?"

"I cannot answer so soon," she said. "I should like to talk with mamma about it first. I will give you an answer to-morrow. That will do, will it not?"

"Yes, if your answer be favorable,"—and I am sure it would be if Mrs. Venner decided it. "To-morrow," he resumed, "it will seem an age! Have pity, mademoiselle, and let it be as early in the day as possible.

Some subtle voice whispered her that she would go to New York, that she would marry this man without loving him, for love him she felt she never could, though with all his grace and beauty, he lacked power to touch the chords in the heart of the wore and keep them too.

They went into the house soon, and when Monsieur Cassius had taken his leave, the family left the room to Lucian and Adda and her mother were alone. Mrs. Venners face wore a pleasant self-satisfied air. She seemed quite inclined to speak of what was uppermost in Ada's mind, but the latter, for she thought she would scarcely favor Monsieur's proposal, and she was determined to let the matter rest till Ada brought it up herself.

"Well, mamma, you have given your consent to my going to New York, mamma," Ada said at length, without looking at her.

Certainly I did," answered Mrs. Venner decidedly. "I thought it a very pleasant trip, and that you would greatly enjoy it."

"But Monsieur Cassius is a comparative stranger to me, and his mother I have never seen; besides I was never away from home for more than a day; only with you or papa to my life."

"And is that any reason that you never should go without one of us? And as for Monsieur Cassius, he is not a comparative stranger to me, and his mother I have never seen. I see no reason why that need make any difference when you will be with your own mother. If he would not, nor could I, for anything in the world, have you go to his mother for whom I have never seen, if it were not for the fact that she is a friend of his, and cousins are delighted with each other. I foresee for you and your self-willed mother a disappointment, Ada, if you expect any sympathy for myself I never expect it, and have no feelings in anything."

Ada rose to her feet and stood for a moment irresolute. She knew she was in the wrong. The cold, angry manner of her mother, the sarcastic tone in which she spoke, all told her that when the family council broke up, she would be the one to succumb. She was not willing all her opposition should be in vain, so much had been said before, and she was resolved to make some impression, if only by stating a real objection.

"I would not go without you, mamma, for the world, and I could never think of leaving you. I know you would not consent to it, and I would not for myself. I never could be happy with such feelings in anything."

Ada rose to her feet and stood for a moment irresolute. She knew she was in the wrong. The cold, angry manner of her mother, the sarcastic tone in which she spoke, all told her that when the family council broke up, she would be the one to succumb. She was not willing all her opposition should be in vain, so much had been said before, and she was resolved to make some impression, if only by stating a real objection.

"I would not go without you, mamma, for the world, and I could never think of leaving you. I know you would not consent to it, and I would not for myself. I never could be happy with such feelings in anything."

"Did your father ever refuse you anything that you asked of him, Ada?" her mother asked, forcibly. "If you should consent to go, the matter he would tell you to do as you liked. As for me, I have nothing to say about it. Name your own terms, and whatever you want, and Judith can pack them up for you, and then you could do it yourself. You have set your heart upon going, which is very well, and you have given to match, and are not every thing of that sort. How lucky that your trousseau and pelisses are still worn! I am sorry though, that you sold your diamonds. Your pearls are very pretty, however, and will do very well."

There was something in all this that jangled harshly among the chords of Ada's sensitive nature.

"Yes, they will do for all I shall want there," she said, "for I positively do not think I shall go to New York."

Mrs. Venner literally gasped for breath.

"Good Heavens! Ada, she cried, "are you beginning to cry hysterically. "If you tried to break my heart, and—and kill me outright, you could not do it any better. You care no more for me than if I were not your mother. My judgment goes for nothing with you, and you have never treated me as a mother should be treated. You always sought your father's society, and stunned mine as persistently as if you were a—a boy," she sobbed. "I can see my heart on your going to New York, and you refuse for nothing else except to exasperate me. I have never received a proof of affection from you since you were a babe in your cradle. You have never cared for me—no, never! never! never!"

Ada was walking the floor again, her pearly teeth set into her scarlet lips, till it seemed that the blood must of necessity burst forth. Her fine, forever, but last much of its firmness during her mother's broken exclamations. Ada turned, and stopped short against her will, and her strange shown a decided predilection for her father's society she knew was true. Her mother in his always had always gone to him instead of her mother, and when she looked down deep into her heart, she feared that there was little love there for the vain, silly woman whom she called mother. She did not spare herself in this mental criticism, and she felt that she had never given her mother a daughter's love. That is a subtle nature which seeks to make reparation for an injury done to another, and it was with a heart full of generous impulses that Ada went to her mother's side and smoothed back her hair very gently, kissing her on either cheek.

"I have been little comfort to you, I know, mamma," she said, "and I have been falling fast on her mother's fair hair. "I will be a better daughter to you in the future though, believe me. I shall try hard to make up for my past neglect. I should like very much to please you and I will think this matter over, and we will talk about it to-morrow before Monsieur Cassius comes for his answer."

Mrs. Venner immediately recovered her composure.

"There is no impropriety in your accepting Monsieur's generous invitation, Ada," Mrs. Venner said convingly. "I do hope that you will conclude to go. Monsieur will be sadly disappointed if you do not, and I wish it so much, Ada."

"Well, let us talk no more of it to-night, mamma. I presume I shall feel differently about it to-morrow. And don't think too harshly of me, mamma."

Then she kissed her good-night with quivering lips. Mrs. Venner bade her good night very graciously.

"If I could only keep her in this mood I could manage her very easy," she said to herself. "But by to-morrow all her self-independence will have returned to her. She has her father's will, and nothing can break it."

Once in her own room Ada changed her dress for one of the chamber, and began to arrange her hair for the night. She paused, however, and, leaning her white arms on the toilet-table, stood gazing straight into the mirror, which reflected a very sad face from its shadowy depths.

"Whither am I drifting?" she ejaculated aloud. "For drifting I surely am, and toward what breakers I know not! Is it true that there is a destiny over us, which shapes one's life altogether, independent of one's own aid or wishes? I am drifting toward my fate, as swiftly and as surely as if I had no thought or will of my own! I shall marry this man and I must say to night what I have said many a heart again and again. Heaven knows I do not love him. Aside from his grace, and beauty and eloquence, he is perfectly indifferent to me. But he is rich. If he were poor with all those accomplishments, I would not, as soon I would marry an Arab as him! Oh, this horrid mariage de convenience! Is there nothing that can save me from it? or shall I openly defy my father? No, not that. If I could only see papa, only for an hour. I might have written, but it is too late now, for I have promised an answer to-morrow. The Fates are against me. I hand them in hand."

The face in the glass looked fully capable of deciding for itself. There was a look about the firmly cut lips not easily mistaken, and the square chin, though it detracted from the beauty of the face in the eyes of those who could read faces well that Ada Venner had left much of that despicable fickleness commonly attributed to women. Yet there were hidden springs in her nature, which never failed to respond to the touch of love, and which shrank from a just imputation. She never sought to veil the truth. She felt that mother's charge against her was in a manner just. She owned her much and failed in much little. There had been little sympathy of taste between them, and she had avoided her mother for that reason, and for that she would scarcely favor Monsieur's proposal, and she was determined to let the matter rest till Ada brought it up herself.

"Well, mamma, you have given your consent to my going to New York, mamma," Ada said at length, without looking at her.

Certainly I did," answered Mrs. Venner decidedly. "I thought it a very pleasant trip, and that you would greatly enjoy it."

"But Monsieur Cassius is a comparative stranger to me, and his mother I have never seen; besides I was never away from home for more than a day; only with you or papa to my life."

"And is that any reason that you never should go without one of us? And as for Monsieur Cassius, he is not a comparative stranger to me, and his mother I have never seen. I see no reason why that need make any difference when you will be with your own mother. For with it were not, nor could I, for anything in the world, have you go to his mother for whom I have never seen, if it were not for the fact that she is a friend of his, and cousins are delighted with each other. I foresee for you and your self-willed mother a disappointment, Ada, if you expect any sympathy for myself I never expect it, and have no

SOUTHERN WOOD.

Ah me! how seldom now are seen
Those slender spikes of fragrant green,
In garden beds and borders.
Pure, waving boards no longer choose
To deck their tops with the dear rose
With fevered modern bowers.

Its hardy prominence used to lend
Its graceful aid to bind and blend
With other fashioned blossom.
No wonder that the dear old sweetness,
With cabbage-rose, pansie, cress-pose,
All rich with sweet associations.

We used it in the country sweet,
Our childhood on the day nurse to greet
Our bed with the flower that lag
Upon the hawthorn-shaded way,
Or in the meadow.

The bride's shy foot trod lightly o'er
Its pale, as through the holy door
She passed to wedded life.
And on the silent churchyard bed,
Its fragrance mingled with the dead,
We planted southernwood.

Not now it springs so soon, unknown,
Its hands grown feeble, from mine own,
And trembling pull a sprig;
And I pull this with fearful eye
And thronging memories that arise
Of life's fast dawning day.

I have been happy, and God knows
But one of all my lots—
Can that be blissful pain!
I have given away, and kept all,
Of all my pleasures passed away,
I know they could not last.

I had my share of sun and showers,
I had my little day of power;
I have known the luxury
Of being free from worldly blame or praise,
My deed as pure as I could make,
Of calm content and rest.

I pass the red rose on its spray,
And in my hand I hold to-day
A twig of southernwood;
It suits me I am not bereft,
In whispers of the past I've left
The power of doing good.

It plads the poor man's garden yet,
And poor men with their wives set
With tears that I might stay;
I know it shares a holiday,
I take thy teaching to my heart,
My great, old-fashioned spray!

THE MAN IN THE MOON AND HIS COMPANIONS.

Amongst the superstitions yet lingering in the minds of mankind, none, perhaps, is more universal than the belief of the man in the moon. In England he is chiefly immortalized by the old nursery rhyme, but no further details are given of his proceedings. German legends are, however, more communicative, and sundry traditions relate his history, varying in different parts of the country.

A Swabian mother at Derendingen tells her child that a man in the moon was stealing in his vineyard on Sunday, and after having pruned all his vines, he made a bundle of the shoots he had just cut off, laid it in his basket and went home. According to one version, the vines were stolen from a neighbor's vineyard. When taxed either with Sabbath-breaking, or with the theft, the culprit stoutly protested his innocence, and finally exclaimed, "Am I to be punished for such a crime, may I go to the moon?" After his death, this fate duly befell him, and there he remains to this day, condemned to eat moldy beef and a pumpkin-seed. The Black Forest peasantry say that the dark spots visible in the moon are caused by a man being spellbound there. He stole a bundle of wood on Sunday, because he thought on that day he should be unobserved, but the Virgin Mary, who had not gone far with it when he met a stranger, who was none other than the Almighty himself. After reproving the culprit for not keeping the Sabbath-day holy, God said he must be punished; but he might choose whether he would be sent to hell or to live in the moon. The man chose the latter, declaring he would rather remain where he could burn in the sun, and thus the "Besenmannle" or "Broom-man" came into the moon with his faggot, his dog, and his fork. In spite of the Almighty set light to the faggot and it will burn perpetually in order that the bearer may not be frozen to death. At Waltenburg, in the Grisons, the tale is somewhat different. A poor woman borrowed a Senner to give her a little milk, which he roughly refuse to do. Thereupon she wishes he might go to the coldest place in existence, which is the moon, and he is there visible with his milk-pail.

The man in the moon frequently figures in North German legends. Kuhn relates a tradition in the Harz country, that Christian-ere a peasant felt a great desire to eat cabbage, and having none himself, he slipped into his neighbor's garden to steal some. As he was filling his basket, the Christ Child rude past on his white horse and said, "Because thou has stolen on the holy night, thou shalt immediately sit in the moon with thy basket of cabbage." No sooner said than done, and the criminal is still undergoing his penalty. At Paderborn, in Westphalia, the crime committed was not theft, but kindling people from attending church on Easter-day by placing a thorn-bush in the field-gate through which they had to pass.

In the neighborhood of Wittingen, the man is said to have been sent to the moon for cutting branches to be tied up his brooms on Maundy Thursday; and at Detlingshofen, of having mown his mead on Sunday.

Different versions are related in Limburg, where the man in the moon is believed to have stolen wood on Sunday morning. He plead it in mer, in Westphalia, people say he was engaged in fencing in his field on Good Friday, and had just placed a bunch of thorns on his fork, when he was at once transported to the moon. Some of the Flemish peasantry declare that the moon is not only inhabited by a man with his thorn-bush and pitch-fork, but likewise by a woman churning. They are condemned to this task for both broke the Sabbath, the man by fencing his field and the woman by churning her butter, during the hours of divine service.

An ancient Northern fable states that Mani (the Moon) kidnapped two children called Hiti and Hiuki from the earth, whilst they were employed in drawing water from the well Sorgir, bearing on their shoulders the pail Saegr on the yoke Simul. These children following Mani, and are plainly visible from the earth.

This myth of the child-stealing Moon Man, which existed before the introduction of Christianity in Germany, evidently received a Christian coloring in later times. The idea of the theft was retained, but the child carried off was not the observance of the Christian festival. The culprit was not suffered for stealing the wood, but mainly for committing the sin on the Lord's day. This interpretation may have originated in the second verse of the 15th of Numbers of Moses commanding the Israelite to be stoned who had gathered wood on the Sabbath day. Some such reason cannot be found in the tract of land when the Northern fable first appeared in Germany, but he has no doubt of its great antiquity.

All nations seem to have a curious desire to account for the spots on the moon.

According to the Hindoos, Chandras, the God of the Moon bears a hare in his arms.

The Malays assert that Buddha once represent a hare. One of their deities transformed himself into a hare in order to feed a starving wayfarer, and in reward for this act of virtue; the figure of a hare was thenceforth visible in the moon. The natives of Ceylon have a somewhat similar legend. When Buddha sojourned as a hermit on earth, he met a dog and a hare in the forest, and after long wanderings he met a hare, who thus addressed him, "I can help thee. Thou shalt take the right hand path, and I will guide thee out of the wilderness."

"I thank thee," replied Buddha, "but I am poor and starving, and am unable to requite thy kindness."

"If that be all," replied the hare, "light a fire, kill and eat me."

Buddha lighted a fire as desired, and the hare immediately leaped in, but Buddha now displayed his supernatural powers, and, tearing the hare from the fire, placed it living in the moon, where it still abides. This story is related by a French traveller in Ceylon, and he adds that his telescope was often borrowed by the natives, in order that they might inspect the hare in the moon.

Chaucer describes the moon as Lady Cynthia:

"Her gite was gray and full of spottis blake,
And on her bosom a cherle painted full even
Bearing a thorne upon his backe,
Which for his theft might clime so nor the heven.

Shakespeare also alludes to the man in the moon in The Tempest and The Midsummer Night's Dream.

According to one tradition, the figure is that of Isaac bearing the faggot on his shoulders for his own sacrifice on Mount Moriah. Another calls him Cain, with a thorn-bush. Even Dante mentions this both in his Paradiso and Inferno. Here is a pretty mediæval legend which describes the moon as a star fallen, and the spots on it as her repentant tears.

The following Westphalian legends are evidently not of Christian origin. A youth, visiting his sweetheart one night, peeped in at her room by the window, while the moon was shining brightly. He, therefore, took a branch with which he attempted to beat her; but he remained hanging to the thorn-bush.

Three boys, coasting on one of the public homes, threatened the moon with a bramble he held in his hand. This audacious conduct enraged the moon, who drew the man up, and there he is to this day.

Wolfhelm of Brevoy says that the people of Rannen, in the thickening island of Syth, declared that the man in the moon is a giant, who bends down at full tide to drink the water and pour it out on the earth. At low tide he stands upright, resting from his labors, so that the water may subside.

We now come to the superstitions attached to the power of the moon, and prominent among them is the idea that no work may be undertaken by moonshine. The Swabian people consider it a great sin to mow or reap by moonlight, as though one could not do enough by day. That is the reason why the moon does not give us more light, and why it is dark. Whoever ventures to spin, for example, weaves a rope for the neck of some relation. There are several stories illustrating the danger of transgressing this rule.

A poor woman at Brackenheim, in Swabia, gained her livelihood by spinning, and her diligence was so great that she spent whole nights at her distaff; in order to save the expense of oil she never lighted her lamp when there was a full moon. As she thus sat spinning in the moonlight, a man, dressed in white, was walking the hour of midnight, the door opened and a stranger man entered. He had his arm full of distaffs, and said: "If thou dost not spin all these full this night, it will be all over with thee." With these words he vanished, leaving the woman in a terrible fright. Luckily she bethought herself of merely spinning the distaffs one over the other in this way she completed her task before daybreak. The stranger, who was the Wood-fiend, reappeared at the appointed time and, silently took the distaffs away with him. But never again did the woman spin by moonlight.

A similar tale is told at Tubidgen, only there the evil one manifested his displeasure at being thus put to shame by having such an odor of brimstone behind him, that no one could live in the room for the next six months. A maiden of Faillingen sat knitting at midnight by moonshine, when an apparition appeared at the window, offering her knitting needles, on which she immediately threw down her work and fled from the room.

Schonwerth says that in the district of the Upper Palantinate never leave their carts or agricultural implements out of doors when the moon is shining, as its beams would injure them. For the same reason, linen must not be left hanging in the moonshine, and superstitious folks always warn their friends against sleeping in the moonlight, and bathing or drinking from any of the rivers or wells on which the rays of the moon fall. It is also unsafe to dance by moonlight, because the surface of the earth is then as thin as a cobweb, and the spirits underground are continually trying to break through. It is likewise said to blacken the complexion, to promote the decay of fish and meat, and even to blast the edge of razors.

The precepts concerning the phases of the moon are very numerous. Throughout Germany, except in Tyrol, where the contrary rule prevails, hair must be cut as the moon increases. Cattle are killed in the quarter of the moon are good to eat and for keeping, but those laid in the last quarter will never produce chicken. Cattle slaughtered in the quarter after the moon is full. Rye must be sown as the moon waxes, but peas, barley and wheat when it wanes.

Weddings ought always to be solemnized during the moon's increase, and the marriage will be unfortunate; and every season in East Prussia, Pomerania, and Hesse avoids if possible being married during the last quarter of the moon. But washing, chopping firewood, and killing pigs may be done at that period. Indeed, the housewife who neglects to wash or wash any clothes in the first quarter of the moon may be certain that the whole of the linen would be creased and be soon torn.

The moon plays a great part in popular remedies, sympathetic cures, &c. Inspire, or perhaps because, its light is believed to be poisonous.

The Tyrolese cure freckles by washing them in a night with water in which the moon shines. In the Harts Mountains and silesia, the remedy for goitres is to turn one's face to the increasing moon three evenings running, then take a stone, silently touch the swelling with it, and throw it over the left shoulders. Meier quotes a Swabian charm for toothache: "Three times the crescent, three times the full moon, three times the waning moon, and three times the new moon, who drew the man up, and there he is to this day.

Wolfhelm of Brevoy says that the people of Rannen, in the thickening island of Syth, declared that the man in the moon is a giant, who bends down at full tide to drink the water and pour it out on the earth. At low tide he stands upright, resting from his labors, so that the water may subside.

We now come to the superstitions attached to the power of the moon, and prominent among them is the idea that no work may be undertaken by moonshine. The Swabian people consider it a great sin to mow or reap by moonlight, as though one could not do enough by day. That is the reason why the moon does not give us more light, and why it is dark. Whoever ventures to spin, for example, weaves a rope for the neck of some relation. There are several stories illustrating the danger of transgressing this rule.

A poor woman at Brackenheim, in Swabia, gained her livelihood by spinning, and her diligence was so great that she spent whole nights at her distaff; in order to save the expense of oil she never lighted her lamp when there was a full moon. As she thus sat spinning in the moonlight, a man, dressed in white, was walking the hour of midnight, the door opened and a stranger man entered. He had his arm full of distaffs, and said: "If thou dost not spin all these full this night, it will be all over with thee." With these words he vanished, leaving the woman in a terrible fright. Luckily she bethought herself of merely spinning the distaffs one over the other in this way she completed her task before daybreak. The stranger, who was the Wood-fiend, reappeared at the appointed time and, silently took the distaffs away with him. But never again did the woman spin by moonlight.

A similar tale is told at Tubidgen, only there the evil one manifested his displeasure at being thus put to shame by having such an odor of brimstone behind him, that no one could live in the room for the next six months. A maiden of Faillingen sat knitting at midnight by moonshine, when an apparition appeared at the window, offering her knitting needles, on which she immediately threw down her work and fled from the room.

Schonwerth says that in the district of the Upper Palantinate never leave their carts or agricultural implements out of doors when the moon is shining, as its beams would injure them. For the same reason, linen must not be left hanging in the moonshine, and superstitious folks always warn their friends against sleeping in the moonlight, and bathing or drinking from any of the rivers or wells on which the rays of the moon fall. It is also unsafe to dance by moonlight, because the surface of the earth is then as thin as a cobweb, and the spirits underground are continually trying to break through. It is likewise said to blacken the complexion, to promote the decay of fish and meat, and even to blunt

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. PHILADELPHIA 1821

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

The Post will be mailed to any address for one year for $2.00. For six months, $1.00.

CLUB RATES:

3 Copies to one address	$ 5.00
5 " " "	8.00
10 " " " and 1 to getter up of club	15.00
15 " " " "	22.00
20 " " " "	28.00

Additions to clubs can be made at any time and at same rates.

BY NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All communications and letters in no should be headed to give the name of State as well as of town, to which they live.

Post Masters and others sending for clubs would confer a favor by having them sent to one address where they can do so conveniently.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Payable in Advance.

Fifty cents per Agate measure line. Eight lines make one inch. Agate measure used, for each insertion.

Special Notices 75 cents per line.

Business Notices on 1st page, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Herald Building, 97 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the postmasters, will interest themselves, and get up local clubs for the Monmouth Post; or, if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves they will show our Prospectus to some one of their influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so.

We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper as those who could take the Monthly can compare it with the other weekly papers around full to perceive that it outshines all competition.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6, 1877

HORACE SMITH.

A poet, a wit and a novelist, Horace Smith was at the same time a man of the world in the highest sense of the term. He entered into its pleasures with keen zest, avoided its dissipations with studied prudence, and ever stood ready to aid both with mind and purse all who halted by the way. He was a man of society he was renowned, his splendid education giving him a hearty welcome among the learned, and his high colloquial powers making him a general favorite wherever he went. As a writer his fame is by no means unmerited, and his contributions to the literature of his country are in every respect worthy of the exalted position accorded to them.

Horace Smith was the son of an eminent London lawyer, and was born Dec. 31, 1780. He was educated by a clergyman, and began life as a clerk. Whilst in the counting-house, pondering over ledgers, invoices and bills of exchange, he composed a poem on the prevailing of public taste in theatricals, which he dedicated to the celebrated theatrist, Richard Cumberland. The author of "The West Indian" called on him, and a strong intimacy sprang up between them. Cumberland became the youthful's poet's adviser in all literary matters. At an early period of his career, Horace had tried his hand at a novel. It was made up according to the practice of the time, after the younger George Colman's recipe:

"—An old castle, and a creaking door—
A distant howl—
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light—
Old armor—and a phantom all in white—
And there's a novel."

This choice production was shown to Cumberland in manuscript, who laughed at it and handed it back. The author immediately consigned it to the flames. The sage dramatist congratulated him on the act, and declared that he had evinced greater talent in burning the romance than in writing it.

In 1802, Horace became a contributor to a theatrical and satirical journal styled The Pic Nic, then to the Cabinet, and then, in 1809, to the London Review, of which Cumberland was editor and conductor. About this time, also, with the assistance of his brother James, he wrote several of the prefaces for "Bell's British Theatre," a newedition of which his friend was then getting out. Cumberland died in 1811. In 1810, we find the brothers on The Monthly Mirror, writing parodies on Horace for that periodical under the title of "Horace in London." Hill, the proprietor of the Mirror, had a fine cottage at Sydenham, which was a favorite resort of the brothers of conjoint, and the brothers Smith were bright ornaments of the social gatherings there. They had prepared a dialogue of solemn nonsense and absurdities, which they recited with great applause at these assemblies. In delivering it not the faintest approach to a smile was visible on the countenances of the merry brothers, and they appeared so intensely absorbed and interested in their talk,that every unposted stranger felt into the error of supposing them in earnest.

In October, 1812, appeared the celebrated "Rejected Addresses." They were principally from the pen of Horace, though James wrote the imitations of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Coleridge, Lambe, Cobbett and some others. He also furnished the opening verse of "Cui Bono?" by Lord B——. The work met with immediate success, and netted considerable profit both to the publisher and the author. "The Rejected Addresses" were parodies on the styles of celebrated authors of the day, and were published as refused by the committee who had advertised for an address to be delivered at the re-opening of the Drury Lane Theatre, which address was composed for by 112 aspirants, Lord Byron carrying off the prize.

In 1813, Horace wrote a comedy called "First Impressions," which was a success, but a farce of his, called "The Absent Apothecary," met with such an unfavorable reception that it was withdrawn after the first night. Horace was led into a life of literature by the success of "The Rejected Addresses," yet, although he made a most flattering impression in the world of letters, he retained until his death that innate modesty which made him underestimate his own and all his works. Neither did his increasing fame induce him to give up the profession of banker, until he had realized a competency. That having been done, however, in 1826 he retired from business and abandoned himself to his favorite pursuits. He then attempted to establish an English newspaper in Paris, but the undertaking fell through on account of the fines from opposition of the French Government. On the failure of this project, Horace calmly resumed his contributions to the English magazines, and in 1826 gave the world his first novel, "Brambletye House, "Tor Hill," "Reuben Apsley," "Jane Lomore," "The New Forest," "Walter Colyton," "The Moneyed Man," "Adam Brown," and "Arthur Arundel," all romances, then followed each other in due course, and were well received.

In 1845, in the preface to "Love and Mesmerism," Horace Smith bade adieu to the public, and from that time until his death, which occurred at Tunbridge Wells, July 12, 1849, wrote only magazine articles. At the period of his decease, he had nearly attained the ripe age of seventy years. As a poet he is deservedly esteemed. His verses were usually suggested by passing events, were published in magazines, and coupled into volumes and class-books until they became familiar to all. They are philosophical, graceful and harmonious. In person, Horace Smith was manly and robust, and his countenance, thoroughly frank and pleasant, bespoke the open-hearted cordiality and sweetness of his disposition. His character and demise were thus commented on by the London Examiner: "He was a man of correct tastes, and most generous sympathies, a delightful writer both in prose and verse, a cheerful and wise companion, and a fast friend. No man had a wider range of admirable and genial qualities, and far beyond that private circle of which he was the centre and ornament, his loss will be deeply felt."

CHEAP NOVELS VS. LITERARY PAPERS.

At the present time, when the country is flooded with novels at a price ranging from ten to twenty-five cents each, the public are beginning to inquire whether they are not cheaper and better reading than the various literary journals and magazines that cost from five cents to half a dollar per copy. Those in favor of cheap novels argue that a complete tale is better than getting it in installments, and that is about the whole of their argument. Now, it strikes us pretty forcibly that the journals and magazines have every point in their favor that novels possess. A tale in the cheap novel as given in the various publications called "libraries," is there in its entirety, to be sure, but it is only a single article, and entirely lacks variety. It is like dining all the time off one beefsteak. The literary journals and magazines, on the other hand, are variety itself, and their readers have before them a pleasing melange of almost everything desirable in literature. The novels given in their columns are continued from number to number, certainly, but besides the novels there are poems, short stories, essays, editorials, book-reviews, news notes, miscellaneous selections on almost every conceivable topic, and numerous departments filled with interesting matter relating to the household, the farm, the garden, the fashions, popular science, and other subjects much too numerous to mention.

If the purchaser of the cheap novel does not happen to like it, he or she is, to use a popular phrase, "stuck," and the money expended for it is literally wasted. Not so with the purchaser of the literary journal or magazine. If the person does not relish the serial tales, there are the short stories to supply the need of the moment, or if the reader, as is often the case, is not an admirer of fiction in any shape, there are the editorials, essays, miscellaneous articles and numerous to resort to. In no event is the buyer of a literary journal or magazine "stuck." There is ever something to be found in their pages to the individual liking, something that is adapted to the taste, and the money expended for the copy in hand. We would not be understood to disparage the cheap novels, far from it. We merely wish to show (and we think we have abundantly shown it) that, as a literary food for the bulk of readers, the journals and magazines of the land are far superior to any "library" in existence.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

There is decidedly too much recklessness displayed by the bulk of people in respect to bathing, and the evils resulting therefrom are so manifold that every prudent individual should thank the Royal Humane Society of England for the following sensible advice: "Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration, and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after being a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed, and by remaining in the boats after having been in the water, but leave the water immediately when there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

Charles Carroll's capital article on "Good Bohemians," which appeared in the columns of Appleton's Journal, is a curiosity in its way. It finds in those it designates by this title men who have qualities of the most uncommon kind, and the reasons of state was married some years before the overthrow of the great Tokugawa family of Shoguns in the summer of 1867, by the Tycoon. The last of the Tycoons since deposed, and now living in retirement in the city of Suruga, is said to be a man of education. Her remains were laid with those of her husband in the Shogunate mausoleum at Shiba, one of the two chosen burial places of the Tokugawa house.

"A Bone Old Friend."

Please send the Post to the same address and accept thanks for the pleasure it has given me in times past. Like wine, it "improves with age." May the coming year bring joy and happiness to all, and with it four old friend of my childhood, the Saturday Evening Post.

Mrs. W. B. Parris.
Kenosha, Green co., S. T.

HOME CULTURE.

XVI.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Folks in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER V.

RECEPTIONS, PARTIES, BALLS.

"On receiving an invitation to an evening party, as Mrs. Hooper, or whatever it may happen to be, reply within a day or two at latest."—Modern Etiquette, London.

"The promptness with which answers are sent to all invitations, and to all notes, or letters, requiring answers, depend upon the good breeding of the persons addressed. Dinner invitations should be answered the day that they are received; all other invitations as soon as is possible after the day of their reception."—From the French of Saint-Leup.

"The whole condition of society is elevated and improved by a due regard of its observances and its forms. Everything depends upon the home training, and upon customs, and where the custom prevails of sending tardy replies to notes of invitations, even well-bred persons grow careless. There are no general rules without exceptions, and there are cases in which answers are delayed. The difference, then, shown between the well-bred person and one who has not received proper instruction in such matters is, that the former apologize for the delay. Those who have been correctly trained know when they have been guilty of a solecism in manners, and they hasten to repair it, quite as much out of self-respect as from courtesy. Each of us has an inner spiritual, perhaps unconscious life in its deeper parts, which reveals itself in our outer life and actions. Untrained characters will not willingly submit to any rules."—Mrs. Moore.

Dr. Verdi says: "The summit of woman's growth is attained at the age of twenty-one, while that of man is put at twenty-five. Legislators recognizing this difference, have decreed that her majority shall be at eighteen, while that of the man is deemed at twenty-one." Herr Tonfeldreckh's hard philosophy recognized the difference when he said: 'I have heard affirmed, seriously in jest, by no unphilanthropic persons, that if you could get the universe of human happiness could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible, and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five.' With which suggestion, at least, be considered in the light of a practical scheme, I need scarcely say that I in no wise coincide. Nevertheless, it is plausibly urged that as young ladies are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful in those years, so young gentlemen do then attain the maximum of detestableness. Such gawks are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence, so obstinate, obstreperous, vainconceited, so loutish, overbearing and so forward."—Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.

Morning receptions, as they are called, but more correctly speaking, afternoon parties, are generally held from five to seven o'clock. Occasionally a sufficient number for a cotillion arrange to remain after the crowd has gone. In either case the dress is the same for men and ladies, the former, for ladies dress for toilette, with or without bonnet. No low-necked gown nor short sleeves should be seen at a day reception, nor white neck-ties and dress coats, such of her guests as make toilettes may be of velvet, silk, muslin, gauze or grenadine, according to the season of the year and the taste of the wearer; but her more elegant gowns will be reserved for evening or for evening parties. The waist of the dress can be open in front, with standing or falling laces or sheer ruffles. The refreshments are generally simple. Chocolate, coffee, cream, punch, claret punch, ices, fruit and cakes. Frequently a cold collation is spread after the lighter refreshments have been served, and sometimes the guests are met with all the varieties, and renewed from time to time. No answers are expected to these invitations, which are generally printed upon the cards of the lady, described in Chapter I. One card is left by each person who is present. No calls are expected afterwards from those who attended. A matinee musicale is held at the same hour. As if in the Summer at watering places, they are frequently earlier. Those are the most difficult entertainments that are attempted. A lady who undertakes a musicale should be endowed with all the virtues of a saint, or she should at least possess the three requisites of St. Paul: faith, hope and charity, for she will need them all. Her first step will be to secure those persons possessing sufficient vocal and instrumental talent, to insure the success of the entertainment. Her next, to arrange with them a programme, assigning to each, in order, his or her part. It is customary to commence with a piece of instrumental music, followed by solo, duos, quartettes, etc., with instrumental accompaniment, reserved, in not too great proportion. Some competent person is needed as an accompanist. The invitations may be from three to six o'clock; the intention of the hostess being to allow her guests an hour to assemble; the music to commence precisely at four o'clock. The piano wheeled into the best position, and all in readiness, the hostess descends gracefully to the parlor, and takes under charge of her drawing-room. Half-past three, no one has yet arrived. Soon after, a few drop in, and at four o'clock, though the drawing-room presents an animated appearance, only two or three performers besides the accompanist has appeared. Here faith and hope are both called in, and patience also, to assist the hostess to endure the nervousness as well as perplexity.

She overhears Mrs. Grundy saying to Mrs. Gossyp, "I thought we were going to have some music we dine at six, and I shall soon have to leave." "Very much arranged," is Mrs. Gossip's answer. At this critical moment the prima donna makes her appearance, and the hostess decides that she will wait no longer for the dilatory guests, but will commence immediately she is compelled to make changes in the programme. Will Miss Thumpwell oblige her by playing out of her turn? No, Miss Thumpwell will not, she is far too timid to lead off, although a virgin of thirty summers. Will Mr. Tunewell play that charming morceau that is later in the programme? Mr. Tunewell suddenly discovers that he has left his music at home, and hastens away to procure it. The hostess tries to be charitable, but she is nevertheless seized with the conviction that the music is up in the dressing-room. Still, she keeps up a smiling face and calm demeanor, although inwardly her indignation is at boiling heat. Would Mrs. Chanteer be so very kind as to sing something? Any little ballad, or simple, pretty song, to make a commencement? Mrs. Chanteer looks up with surprise and reproach in her beautiful eyes. "I sing first? Do you not always lead off with instrumental music?" Mrs. Grundy whispers across to Mrs. Gossyp, "Yes, you were right, very badly arranged; a perfect failure. Come and tell me about it to-morrow. I have to leave now." At this juncture the prima donna, who is from another city, addresses the hostess: "I dare my something has gone wrong. If you would like to have me, I do not in the least object to singing first." A few of the long agony is ended, and the prima donna sings like an angel. Mrs. Grundy, who has reached the door, returns, and is so enchanted with the marvellous voice that she forgets her dinner, and as well as every one remembers the attendant disagreeabilities, excepting the hostess, who resolves that she will try in future to contribute her own share of entertainment, and not depend on others in some way which will not subject her to so much annoyance. It is the duty of the hostess to maintain silence among her guests during the performance of instrumental music, as well as of vocal. If any are aware of the breach of good manners that they commit in talking or whispering at such time, she should, by a gesture, endeavor to acquaint them with the fact. Should such rule be disregarded, the hostess need not be surprised if the music should come to a full stop; and she may feel quite sure if it does not, that it is only out of regard to her feelings that it is done. It is the duty of the host to see that the ladies who sing are accompanied to the instrument, that the loaves of the music are turned for them, and that they are comfortably seated in their seats again. When not intimately acquainted with them, the hostess herself should join in expressing gratification. When the programme has not been previously arranged, and the matinee or soiree is more informal, and the hostess invites her guests to sing in turn, care must be taken that all receive equal attention. It is always painful to see the jealousy that too often exists among the gifted in song. They should remember that true artists never fail to show a generous appreciation of each other's talents; and not criticise and search for faults, but find and praise anything to praise. When a lady who sings well, is invited for the first time to a house, discretion must be observed in asking her to sing. There are some persons who are never so happy as when ministering to the pleasure of those around them; there are others who would feel that they were being made use of, in a way that they would rebel against. If they were asked to contribute to the general enjoyment, when they had come out for their own amusement. It is often said that people who entertain well have a natural gift. On the contrary there are no persons more appreciated in society than are those who contribute to its amusement; but they must understand well how to make their entertainments attractive. The better they succeed, the more must they expect to be abused by all whom they do not invite, who are left to their own devices, and who feel as if they feel to be their superiors in worth or position. It is this class of people who are the most anxious to have it thought that hospitality is a virtue that is not appreciated, and that those who are entertained abuse their entertainers; but let no one be deterred from doing his or her share towards contributing to the pleasure of their young by any fears of meeting with such a return. The person escape ill-natured comment of their actions, and they who witness the happiness they confer upon the young by contributing to their amusement can well afford to bear the sneers of the envious, while he who hoards his money with a miser's care, receives no compensation for that abuse of his niggardliness which he merits. The dress at a musical party is the same as that worn at a reception, only that bonnets are more generally dispensed with. Those who have taken part often remain for a hot supper. It is well known that an active exercise will hunger more than that of singing. The exhaustion produced by the prolonged action of the vocal organs frequently calls for food, and even a glass of wine. Morning and afternoon parties in the country, or at watering places, are of a less formal character than in cities. The hostess introduces such of her guests as she thinks are likely to be mutually agreeable. Music or some amusement is essential to the success of such parties. Ladies wear silks, lawns, black velvet skirts and muslin dresses, with fancy sashes, bunting costumes, jaunty hats or pretty fanciful bonnets, and carry parasols. Gentlemen wear Summer morning dress, as in making calls. See Chap. II. The collation is often served in tents, and those assembled stroll over the grounds or sit on the piazzas, when the weather is fine, instead of remaining within doors. For yachting parties, the ladies should wear either flannel suits of navy blue or white, plainly but prettily trimmed with woollen braid, jaunty sailor hats, gants de Suede, and thick boots. A shawl or cloak is necessary for comfort. A black silk suit is the next desirable costume to one of flannel. Warm shawls should be provided, no matter how oppressive the heat of the wind is at anchorage as the fair women who dare to go out and a yacht may put out to sea in a calm to return in a gale. Croquet, lawn-tennis and archery parties are all suited to suit the taste of the wearer, and parties of this description are of the most informal nature. It is necessary that strangers should be introduced, but the hostess should never neglect this duty. If she does not know the name of a gentleman guest, she should only ask those who are acquainted. Evening parties balls and dinners are of a much more formal character than the entertainments that we have described. They require evening dress; although for a dinner a lady's dress should be less elegant than for a ball, and she should wear less jewelry. Full dress, however, is not de rigueur for short sleeves. English women, who once never failed, even at family dinners, to appear decollete (some of them distressingly so), have of late years adopted the high dress and neck Americans follow their own inclination, sometimes adopting one custom, sometimes another; but of late years full dress is almost as much worn at a dinner party as at a ball, that the material is not of so diaphanous a character. Lace and muslin dresses are out of place. Invitations are sent from ten days to two weeks previous, and should be answered immediately, as has been already stated. The requisites for a successful ball are good music and plenty of dancing men. The question has been asked, "What constitutes the difference between an evening party and a ball? At an evening party there may be dancing or there may not be. At a ball there must be dancing. Dancing men are indispensable. A good society in London defines a ball to be "an assemblage for dancing of not less than seventy-five persons," to which definition should be added the requisite of a supper-room, and a room upon that scale of elegance, which good music, embellishments of flowers, and a supper combined, cannot fail to secure, when the invited guests do their part in the entertainment. There may be some persons who will be surprised to learn that any duties devolve upon the guests. In fact, there are circles where all such duties are ignored. It is the duty of every person who has accepted the invitation to avoid regret, even if at the last moment, when prevented from going; and as it is rude to send an excuse for such an intended act of going, those who accept would do well to remember this duty. It is the duty of every lady who attends a ball to make her toilette as fresh as possible. It need not be expensive, but it should at least be clean; it may be simple, but it should not be either soiled or tumbled. The gentlemen should, of course, wear evening dress. Another duty is to arrive as soon as possible after the hour named, when it is mentioned in the invitation. No one who has witnessed the additional zest of enjoyment that is secured in those countries where it is considered a rudeness to come much later than the hour named) by the prompt and almost simultaneous arrival of the guests, can refrain from wishing that so sensible a custom might be adopted in our own country. Any hostess who attempts, in our cities, a reformation in the hours of arriving, is compelled to renounce it, finding that it adds to her fatigue, instead of lessening it, from a want of punctuality in the arrival of the majority of the guests. In many places on the continent, in Europe, they assemble at nine o'clock, and disperse at one o'clock. The ball is usually opened by the dancing in kept up until two o'clock. At balls given in royal palaces the hours of assembling are still earlier. A titled lady of distinction arrived late at a ball in Vienna during the Exhibition, that was given by a brother of the Emperor of Austria. The Archduke Charles sent Count —— to remind her of the breach of court etiquette that she had committed. She glanced at him rather haughtily, and answered coolly, "My arriving late does not prevent me from listening to any kind words that Her Majesty, the Empress, may have to say to me when she addresses me." But Her Majesty did not choose to approach her; and when supper was served, as she was about passing into the room where the royal party assembled, she was informed that no place had been reserved for her. Incensed, she took her departure; but probably when she is next summoned to a royal ball she will arrive at the appointed hour. In England many make a private late at balls, for the reason that so much is going on each evening during the season. From dinners they go the opera,and from the opera frequently to several balls. The late hours observed there are not as wearing upon their young men as upon ours, for the ball-goers of society in England are not, as a rule, business men. The ball-goer's mornings are his own, to sleep as late as he pleases, and to take his breakfast as leisurely as he likes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"What a Deformed Thief this Fashion is!"—In the Memoirs of St. Simon is to be found the following regarding the way the women of Paris dressed their hair in the year 1719: "At the commencement of the new year the Duchess de Chevreuse arrived from London. The Duchess declared the women's head-dresses ridiculous as far as their eyes were. They were editions of brass wire, ribbons, hair, and all sorts of tawdry rubbish, more than two feet high, mounted on the summit of the middle of their bodies. If they moved ever so lightly the edifice trembled, and the inconvenience was extreme. The King, Louis XIV., could not endure them, but, master as he was of everything, was unable to banish them. They lasted ten years and more, despite all he could do to put an end to them.

An Eccentricity.—Martha's Vineyard has an eccentricity in Nancy Luce. Born, nobody knows where or when, she lived many years alone with her hens, and when they finally depart she has them decently interred in a graveyard at the back of her house, and erects over each a neat wooden slab. Her support is gained from the sale of her "book," which, in a mixture of prose and verse, is about herself and hens.

Marriage in High Life.—Boston society was in a state of pleasurable excitement over the event of the marriage of Mr. Joshua Montgomery Sears, son of the late Joshua Sears, the millionaire, to Miss Sarah Carlisle Chase, daughter of Chief Justice Chase, and a well-known lawyer. The nuptials were solemnized in St. John's Memorial Chapel, Cambridge, by Rev. George E. Gray, D. D., Dean of the Episcopal Theological school, in presence of a large and distinguished company. The bride was attired in white satin, and was enveloped in a white veil. She wore magnificent diamonds. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the parents of the bride. The bridal presents were numerous and of the most beautiful and costly description.

Wedding Cake.—The bridal wedding-day the bride and bridegroom are brought from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. Then as soon as the wedding bears of iron, that blessings as lasting and health as vigorous may attend the pair. A cigar and betel nut are prepared with the same care as the cake, and the hands of the bride and bridegroom. One of the persons waves over the head over the heads of the couple, and in a long address to the Supreme Being, calls down blessings upon the pair, and implores that peace and happiness may reign in their home. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the present of betel and cigar into the mouth of the bride, while she does the same to him, whom she thus acknowledges as her husband.

A Home for Art Students.—A proposition has been made to open in Rome a "Home for Art Students," into which young women who desire to pursue their artistic studies in Rome may be received, and find quiet, protection and such assistance as they may need. It is designed to make arrangements on an economical basis, and yet to make ample provision for classes, lectures and a library. A building in the best locality in Rome and Italy, of experience are ready to give their personal supervision in directing affairs until the enterprise is well started. Of course the contributions will be expected to be self supporting, yet money is needed for expenses at the outset. Only those who have attained a high degree of excellence, and who intend to devote themselves to the study of art, will be admitted to this school of art. This scheme has met the approval of many distinguished ladies and gentlemen.

A Reason to the Government.—Among the ladies employed in the Government Office at Washington are two grand nieces of Daniel Webster, pretty girls, and delightful with each other and friends. Standing feet, girls whom society loved to acknowledge as ornaments, but who support themselves. Chief Justice Chase's family had three girls dependent upon themselves. The Government provided for them until some relative settled them. Such are the great grand nieces and daughters of Oliver Wolcott, the second Secretary of the Treasury occupied places under Government, as did two relations of Gen' Meigs. He was Secretary of State and War. Gen. Dyer's oldest daughter received a government position, after the brave old officer's death, and held it till she died. Her younger sister now occupies her place. Miss Camilla Webb, the granddaughter of Gen. Scott, retained her place

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Now gently falls the falling light,
The autumn's sunset wanes;
While distant clouds, like weeping flight
Of ships pass wild and gone.
The sombre woods, the misty moor,
Do every wonder hide;
The light is lingering on the down,
And silvered on the rill.

The partridge drums; the plover's call
Salutes the evening air;
And from the water fall
The flicker cats his wing.
The reeds and rushes withered wings
Sway lightly in the sun,
And Autumn walks the land and sings,
With rustling sandals shod.

—*Arthur's Monthly.*

FALSE TO HIMSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY," "HER MAJESTY'S FAIRY," "KATHERINE'S MISTAKE," "HOW NELLIE LOST HER CHANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

The news of Blondel Haydon's marriage soon spread through the neighborhood, and the few friends and acquaintances Kate Sheppard possessed were exceedingly anxious to know how she will "take" it. With quite a hush of expectation they watch for her appearance in church on the following Sunday. Kate knew very well that they would watch for her, and she would fain remain away. But she has no excuse for doing so, and she is, besides, too proud to let them see any grief in her face for change in her lover. So she goes to church alone as usual, and walks up the aisle, and takes her place in the Coombe pew in perhaps a little more stately fashion than is her wont.

Robert Merrick, from his corner in the parsonage pew, looks at her by stealth as he holds his hymn-book in his hand, resting his elbow on the edge of the pew. He sees a tall, slight figure in a black dress and a long black jacket, with a narrow white edge round the black bonnet, against the lustrelss fair hair. He sees a grave, statuesque face, with great dark solemn eyes, deeply set and fringed with thick dark lashes, and straight, melancholy brows. But Kate does not look particularly sad to-day. She is held up by a certain despairing pride, a cold, reckless resolve not to let her bitter pain be seen. She feels like a soldier who has received a mortal wound in battle, yet still grasps his sword and rushes forward, though it be but with the consciousness of his death-throes, or as a bird when, though it has received a grain of shot on the brain, rises to a great height, through some mysterious impulse, before it drops down, dead. There is a color in her cheeks, a brilliancy in her eyes which makes the simple congregation think, with a sigh of disappointment, that Kate Sheppard is not taking her cousin's desertion very much to heart.

Robert Merrick watches her, as he has always watched her, when he has sat in that same corner of the parsonage pew, ever since he was a boy. His devotion has never met with any return, seldom with even a glance from those grave dark eyes, but that does not make him gaze at her the less. The simple service of the little church, the old-fashioned hymns he has always been, and will always be, associated in the sailor's mind with that fair serene face in the Coombe pew.

Kate is glad when the service is over to-day. She is not so glad when Robert overtakes her beyond the churchyard gate, and walks with her as far as her own. She hoped to have escaped them all, but Robert is waiting for her, as he has often been before. Side by side they walk along the road, under the leafless trees, the cold wind bringing more color to Kate's cheeks. It is the most official of the newspaper announcement, nor does she. Nor does he respect his own proposal of a few days before. He knows this would not be a favorable opportunity to plead his own cause, otherwise as he is in the nature of women. He does not want to catch Kate's heart at the rebound. He is content to wait; time will be his special pleader now, and he trusts he hears his suit.

But he is kind and gentle to her, rough sailor as he is, and lets her feel his sympathy, though he never expresses it. And it is some comfort to her, though she scarcely acknowledges it to herself. But it does not soften her heart towards poor Merrick; if he could see into here at this moment, it is probable he would put out of his mind for ever the idea that still possesses it.

He leaves her at the gate, and she goes on into the house. On the parlor table lies a letter for her. She does not open it for a little now, and her heart gives one great throb. But another instant shows her that it is Mr. Haydon's handwriting, and she opens it with a sigh. He writes to her to tell her that, for better nor worse, and that he hopes Kate will remain at Coombe till he returns, and see after things both within doors and without as far as she can. He ends with the following:—

"I suppose you have heard of Master Blondel's marriage? Gave us all the slip, didn't he? He won't be home for some months longer, he tells us. Pretty well off he has done pretty well for himself, by all accounts."

Kate resolves to remain at the Coombe till her uncle's return; but it is pain and grief to her. She would like to get away to Exeter or Coombe behind her, and, if it were possible,her own identity. When one comes to wishing this it is a bad sign. She is trying now neither to feel nor to think. It seems to her only a chance of living, for when she thinks—when She cannot eat, she cannot sleep, she cannot look forward to the days that must intervene between now and then she recalls the past—it is almost death to her. natural death. She may live to be an old woman—and the thought gives her a bitter pang. Self-sufficient kills the body, though it kills the heart and soul.

Kate feels that her life is over, that she has spent the best part of it in a dream, and that it is too late for her to get away. A young head-and-twenty it is not easy to recover from a blow like this. A sapling may be transplanted without danger, but a tree that has taken firm root will perish in the process. And Kate has all the clinging tendrils of her nature have been roughly torn from their support, and that she must fall earthward, never to rise again.

That Blondel should withdraw his allegiance does not give her the worst sting; it is the manner in which he has done it that hurts so terribly. If he had honestly taken her at her word when she offered to give him up, she could have borne it, though it would have darkened her life. But to let it come upon her like this is the cruelest hurt of all.

She remains at Coombe, according to her uncle's desire, but she has not relinquished her former plan. She writes to her friend the doctor, and his answer is satisfactory. She must go through a year's probation in a nursing institution in London, and then some months' training in the hospitals. After that she can either go out to private cases or remain as ward-sister in one of the hospitals. She will not be required to give any premium, but to pay some small sum for the uniform dress. The good old doctor tells her, half jestingly, that the out-of-door uniform is not a pretty one, being a close black straw bonnet and a round brown cloak; but Kate thinks very little of this. She has weightier matters to trouble her than the shape of a bonnet or the color of a cloak.

So she tells her friend that, as soon as her uncle comes back to Coombe, she will go to London and enter on her probation. The doctor tells her to think well before she takes such a decisive step, as the vocation is a hard one, and not such as a girl would naturally select for her future life. But Kate smiles a sad little smile at this. She has thought it all over long ago, and her life has not been so sweet to her hitherto as to make the change so very trying or abrupt.

Her life a girl is longing for a possible bright future. Kate's brightness is all in the past, the long past, and her future possesses no dreamland in which she cares to wander. If she can only escape from the sight of others, if she may help the suffering, if she can in ever so small a degree alleviate the pains and sorrows of others ,it is all she asks. Her own life is over, even though itself is forbidden to her now, for Blondel is not only lost to her, but he belongs to another. So she must labor on to the end and count herself happy if she can but forget.

In March she receives another letter from Mr. Haydon, announcing his brother's death. He also announces his own immediate return to Coombe to arrange matters there before leaving it finally.

But this he is not able to do.

Close on his last letter arrives another, in a much more feeble style of penmanship, telling of the fact that he has had a sudden stroke of paralysis, and, though it is only a slight one, he wishes her to wind up affairs as well as she can at Coombe, and come to the Hays as soon as possible to report matters to him. There is also a postscript in writing that he would be glad if she would make up her mind to remain at the Hays—at least for some time—as he feels quite unequal to the management of things under his station, and will be glad of her company in the lonely old house.

Kate does not like the idea of going to the Hays, though she feels a certain curiosity to see the place which will eventually belong to Blondel. But she is resolved not to remain there a moment longer than is necessary. She has never cared for her uncle; she knows he is afraid that she will rival his Blondel's wife, and she also knows that it is from selfish motives only that he wishes for her company now. But she cannot refuse to do what she can at Coombe, and she is prepared to go to the Hays of how affairs stand at the farm-house; therefore, early in May, she bids good-bye to the Merricks—Robert has gone to sea again—packs her solitary box, and takes a farewell ramble through the old place where she has spent twenty years of her sad-colored life.

It is a balmy May morning, and the hedges all about Coombe are white with hawthorn-blossoms. The sky is blue, the hills are green—emerald-green with the young corn and the velvet clover. The young lambs are bleating in the upland pastures, the young rooks are cawing noisily in the woods beyond Coombe church.

Kate takes her favorite path through the plantation, down to the lake. Ah, how her heart does sink when she thinks of her rambles here with Blondel; of her solitary rambles here, almost as pleasant, thinking of him as her own, her boy, her lover! She goes along with her lips set close together and her brows contracted, as if in acute bodily pain. She even groans aloud sometimes in the anguish of her soul. Surely love throws down the gauntlet with the gift!

So she says good-bye to all her old haunts, and in saying good-bye to them says good-bye to her youth and to hope. She cannot imagine any future happiness for her now as precious to her, the words that had lightened her toilsome days, that had been as sunshine in her dull life. But she may not keep even one of them, for is he not another woman's idol? So she is left utterly desolate, for even memory is not her own.

The journey to Haye occupies two days. She arrives late in the evening and is ushered into the dining-room. Here she finds her uncle sitting over the fire, looking very much shattered by his illness, and consequently looking more than old. He is not quite glad to see Kate, orders up tea for her, and tells her she must not be in a hurry to go away. Why should she not remain at the Hays, as all of them—Blondel especially—will be glad to have her?

But Kate, though she does not say much in answer to this proposal, does not intend to remain at the Haye. She sighs when she looks about her, at the comfort, the solidity and richness, and thinks of poor Mrs. Haydon. And, though she discovers that money is scarce enough at the Haye, and that the income is totally insufficient to keep up the old place as it ought to be kept up, still there is an air of comfort and even grandeur about the old house, about the ancient servants, about the massive family plate and the antique furniture, which would have pleased Mrs. Haydon more than the plain, unlovely surroundings and rough uninteresting life at Coombe farm.

Kate stays for a week at the Haye, and then makes arrangements for going up to London, very much against her uncle's will. She is to leave Haye on the following Tuesday, and this is Friday. She would have liked the old house well to sojourn in, under other circumstances; but it is only bitterness to her now. She never allows herself to imagine what it would have been to her to live here with Blondel's wife. The picture is too bright, too unreal. She wonders how she could ever have dreamed of such a thing as possible. She sees her own reflection in the tall mirrors in the dining-room, and gazing at it as a stranger, thinks what a pale, sad-faced woman she is, and how unbecoming is her severe black dress. What is she that a young woman like Blondel should wish to make her his wife? Careworn, hollow-eyed, with no beauty of color or youthfulness about her, surely she was mad to dream that he would love her still?

She is sitting in the dining-room after dinner on this Friday evening—they never sit in the drawing-room—and Mr. Haydon is dozing in his easy chair, when she hears the sound of wheels on the drive outside. There is a ring at the door, a commotion in the hall, and the sound of a voice that makes Kate's heart stand still. In another instant the dining-room door opens and Blondel walks in, erect, stalwart, and after him enters a little figure wrapped in a plaid, which Kate feels instinctively must be Blondel's wife.

CHAPTER VII.

Kate would have dreaded this meeting mortally, if she had known of it beforehand. But now she goes through it with a calmness which astonishes herself. She should think you must feel very old; don't you?"

"Sometimes," Kate answers, smiling.

"Why did you never marry? I shouldn't like to be an old maid."

Kate waives this question.

"If you have everything you want, Mrs. Haydon, I think I shall say good night."

"Oh, no, you mustn't go yet! Why, it's only ten o'clock. And you mustn't call me Mrs. Haydon, though I used to think it great fun to be called so when I was first married. Call me Ida, won't you?"

"If you like."

"I should like, and, besides, we're cousins, longer; that was enough. It was of very little consequence to her what his wife was like.

But now Kate finds herself looking more at Blondel's wife than at Blondel himself, who is talking to his father in a careless, unmoved way, standing before the fire. Since Kate glances at him, and finds him looking at her, but the blue eyes meet the dark ones with quiet unconsciousness in both, or, if there is consciousness in either, it is kept well under control. Kate sees Haydon up to the room hastily prepared for her, and orders refreshment for the travellers to be brought into the dining-room. Mrs. Haydon watches her remain with her while she takes off her hat and jacket and brushes her brown curls, shattering away all the time. Then she puts Kate's arm within hers, and they go down stairs together.

What a contrast they present, thus entering the dining-room! Blondel and his father both look at them, but it is evident that they are not both of the opinion when they have looked Kate, so tall and stately in her black, close clinging gown, with her hair hair gathered back from her temples and wound closely at the back of her head, her pale statuesque face and melancholy eyes—all these eyes have naturally a melancholy expression—and Mrs. Haydon, childish, saucy, in a white cambric dress, her brown curls tied with red ribbons, her bright eyes dancing, her cheeks peach-like flushed, a perfect picture of girlish freshness, look like personifications of light and shadow, daylight and moonlight, sadness and mirth.

Mrs. Haydon is very pretty, very childish, very silly. She chatters away about everything. It is pretty to see her laugh, for then her little white teeth and her dimples come into play. She is repeatedly called to order by Blondel. But she is resolved not to remain there a moment longer than is necessary. She has never cared for her uncle; she knows he is afraid that she will rival his Blondel's wife, and she also knows that it is from selfish motives only that he wishes for her company now. But she cannot refuse to do what she can at Coombe, she is prepared to go to the Haye of how affairs stand at the farm-house; therefore, early in May, she bids good-bye to the Merricks—Robert has gone to sea again—packs her solitary box, and takes a farewell ramble through the old place where she has spent twenty years of her sad-colored life.

It is a balmy May morning, and the hedges all about Coombe are white with hawthorn-blossoms. The sky is blue, the hills are green—emerald-green with the young corn and the velvet clover. The young lambs are bleating in the upland pastures, the young rooks are cawing noisily in the woods beyond Coombe church.

Kate takes her favorite path through the plantation, down to the lake. Ah, how her heart does sink when she thinks of her rambles here with Blondel; of her solitary rambles here, almost as pleasant, thinking of him as her own, her boy, her lover! She goes along with her lips set close together and her brows contracted, as if in acute bodily pain. She even groans aloud sometimes in the anguish of her soul. Surely love throws down the gauntlet with the gift!

So she says good-bye to all her old haunts, and in saying good-bye to them says good-bye to her youth and to hope. She cannot imagine any future happiness for her now as precious to her, the words that had lightened her toilsome days, that had been as sunshine in her dull life. But she may not keep even one of them, for is he not another woman's idol? So she is left utterly desolate, for even memory is not her own.

The journey to Haye occupies two days. She arrives late in the evening and is ushered into the dining-room. Here she finds her uncle sitting over the fire, looking very much shattered by his illness, and consequently looking more than old. He is not quite glad to see Kate, orders up tea for her, and tells her she must not be in a hurry to go away. Why should she not remain at the Haye, as all of them—Blondel especially—will be glad to have her?

But Kate, though she does not say much in answer to this proposal, does not intend to remain at the Haye. She sighs when she looks about her, at the comfort, the solidity and richness, and thinks of poor Mrs. Haydon. And, though she discovers that money is scarce enough at the Haye, and that the income is totally insufficient to keep up the old place as it ought to be kept up, still there is an air of comfort and even grandeur about the old house, about the ancient servants, about the massive family plate and the antique furniture, which would have pleased Mrs. Haydon more than the plain, unlovely surroundings and rough uninteresting life at Coombe farm.

Kate stays for a week at the Haye, and then makes arrangements for going up to London, very much against her uncle's will. She is to leave Haye on the following Tuesday, and this is Friday. She would have liked the old house well to sojourn in, under other circumstances; but it is only bitterness to her now. She never allows herself to imagine what it would have been to her to live here with Blondel's wife. The picture is too bright, too unreal. She wonders how she could ever have dreamed of such a thing as possible. She sees her own reflection in the tall mirrors in the dining-room, and gazing at it as a stranger, thinks what a pale, sad-faced woman she is, and how unbecoming is her severe black dress. What is she that a young woman like Blondel should wish to make her his wife? Careworn, hollow-eyed, with no beauty of color or youthfulness about her, surely she was mad to dream that he would love her still?

She is sitting in the dining-room after dinner on this Friday evening—they never sit in the drawing-room—and Mr. Haydon is dozing in his easy chair, when she hears the sound of wheels on the drive outside. There is a ring at the door, a commotion in the hall, and the sound of a voice that makes Kate's heart stand still. In another instant the dining-room door opens and Blondel walks in, erect, stalwart, and after him enters a little figure wrapped in a plaid, which Kate feels instinctively must be Blondel's wife.

CHAPTER VII.

Kate would have dreaded this meeting mortally, if she had known of it beforehand. But now she goes through it with a calmness which astonishes herself. She should think you must feel very old; don't you?"

"Sometimes," Kate answers, smiling.

"Why did you never marry? I shouldn't like to be an old maid."

Kate waives this question.

"If you have everything you want, Mrs. Haydon, I think I shall say good night."

"Oh, no, you mustn't go yet! Why, it's only ten o'clock. And you mustn't call me Mrs. Haydon, though I used to think it great fun to be called so when I was first married. Call me Ida, won't you?"

"If you like."

"I should like, and, besides, we're cousins, and the other would be absurd. I intend to call you Kate from this hour, or cousin Kate, if you like it better, since you are so much older than me."

"You may call me whatever you please," Kate answers, a little wearily.

She is standing before the window, the curtains of which are not quite drawn. It is a bright moonlight night, and it reminds her of moonlight nights long ago, when she was not "no much older" than Blondel's wife is gazing at her own reflection so admiringly in the glass on the toilet-table beside her. Kate looks out dreamily, while Mrs. Haydon chatters on like a child beside.

"Weren't you surprised when you were informed of Blondel's marriage? We were only engaged for a month. It was a short engagement, and I wanted it to be longer, for I think being engaged is such fun; but papa doesn't approve of long engagements, and I dare say he is right. I met Blondel at a ball at Government House, and I fell in love with him right away. I had heard of him before from other girls who admired him awfully, but could make nothing of him. So I said to myself, 'I'll marry that fellow,' and so I did. I made papa ask him to our house, and we used to ride together, and I found he liked me to marry him! Wasn't it fun?"

"And you cared for him?" Kate asks gravely.

"Don't I tell you I fell in love with him at first sight? and I'm a thousand times fonder of him now than I was then."

"That is right," Kate answers, but she sighs as she watches the moon sailing high in the deep blue sky.

Mrs. Haydon comes to the window, and puts her arm round Kate.

"Romantically watching the moon" sh laughs. "I'm sure you have a love story. Won't you tell it to me?"

"I think not," Kate answers, smiling gravely.

"You must, some day. But come here and let me show you my jewels"—and she draws Kate back into the radiance of the wax candles, and displays bracelets, and lockets, and earrings, and brooches to her unappreciative eyes.

Blotting them all out, rises a vision of a poor little ring with three blue stones in it, a ring which often opened Paradise for her in the lonely mornings of seven long years.

"Papa gave me this," her companion says, holding up a splendid necklace of emeralds. "Isn't it lovely? It belonged to some Indian Begum or other, and Blondel gave me this. Isn't it pretty?"

It is a ring of opals, three large stones, looking like pearls devoured by some secred fire. It is a beautiful ring.

"It was my engagement ring. Some people said it was not lucky—opals are not considered lucky, you know—but I don't believe in those old superstitions. Do you?"

"No, I do not. But my experience has been very limited."

"They say blue is the luckiest color, but I believe that's all humbug. We were engaged with an opal ring, and our engagement wasn't broken off."

"And we were engaged with a blue ring, and ours was," Kate thinks, and she agrees with her cousin's wife that it is all "humbug."

"Blondel gets cross with me sometimes, because he says I have no sense, but am only a child; I don't care a bit for the looks of his curls. "Papa always spoilt me, and Blondel must spoil me too, if he wants me to be good. I dare say I am a little extravagant; but I've always had everything I wanted, and I'm not going to do without them now. I didn't marry to be worse off, or to be kept in order"—and the ripe lips take the pout that seems to come to them a little too naturally.

"You are very happy now, since you are Blondel's wife," Kate tells her gravely, as one might speak to a child, and dare not look at the long brown curls through her hand softly she speaks. "You are a woman now, and must think and act like a woman."

"Oh, there you go, just like Blondel!" Mrs. Haydon exclaims, pulling her hair away peevishly. "I tell you I won't be preached to, and I'm only eighteen. It is all very well for you old people to talk, but I mean to have fun, I can tell you, and not be bothered with stupid old housekeeping and books and such sense! I didn't marry to turn into an old fogy —not for years and years."

Kate cannot help smiling at his vehemence. She advises, however, not to touch on this subject any more. Perhaps it is for this very childishness that Blondel loves his pretty little wife, with her peach cheeks and velvet forehead and bright eyes. She will have her work to change her to what he may not like at all?

"Good night," she says again, when Mrs. Haydon has got over her small ebullition of temper. "I am very tired after your journey, and I hope you will sleep well. We breakfast at nine o'clock;" and so she leaves her.

At breakfast the next morning Mrs. Haydon takes her place at the head of the table. She looks like a little shepherdess in Dresden China, in her pretty Watteau morning-dress, with a large green ribbon tying back her curls. She is as full of life and gaiety as a bird, and as fresh as the May morning. Kate, who has been up and in the garden for an hour, finds herself quite out of keeping in her sombre dress, relieved only by a tiny bunch of lily of the valley. Blondel comes in when breakfast is half over. Mr. Haydon breakfasts in bed.

"Good morning, Kate," he says, walking around the table to shake hands with his cousin.

Kate observes how he hesitates before mentioning her name. So familiar as it used to be to him, has he forgotten it now? His hand clasp is coldly cordial, and he takes his place at his wife's left hand. He looks at the morning paper, with a manner perfectly careless and unconstrained. It would be a dull meal but for Mrs. Haydon; she keeps them all in talk about nothing in particular, with an indulgent patience, as one might answer a spoilt child, but does not seem to pay much real attention to anything she says. And this meal is a type of those which are destined to be passed at the Haye. She sees Blondel at no other time, as he spends most of the day out-of-doors. Once he goes out riding with his wife, and on another occasion they drive over to Hetley Royal, leaving Kate to take care of the house.

So the days pass till Tuesday, for Kate finds that before Tuesday she cannot well leave the Haye. And on Tuesday she is going to London to begin life anew. Blondel does not ask her to remain, though his wife does more than once, and old Mr. Haydon sincerely laments her departure in a few words.

Blondel puts her into the carriage, and clasps her hand in his cold cordial fashion, and their eyes meet, yet do not meet; and so they part, without a word or a look having passed between them to show that they had ever been more to each other than they are now.

CHAPTER VIII.

Kate Sheppard commences her probation as a nursing-sister, and does not find the work uncongenial; on the contrary, she finds that it consoles her. There is a potent charm in real hard labor to allay the fever of the soul. The homelliest task will work to this end, and tired feet often prevent the heart from aching.

Kate enters on her life work with a disposition to utter despair, but by degrees it awakens her interest, and the mere fact of being obliged to exert herself whether she will or not is most beneficial to her. If she could have sat down at the time and nursed her grief, she would have died of it. Grief seldom kills, but utter despair often does. And Kate has nothing to live for when she comes up to London—absolutely nothing. But from the hour that she finds herself in Great Saint Ortiel's, surrounded by the poor and the suffering and the dying, the aspect of her life changes. Here is work to do, and plenty of it—work for this world and that next.

So Kate's old spirit of strength and devotion revives, and with her plain uniform of black serge, with the white linen bands at throat and wrist, and the white apron pinned across her chest, she puts on a new courage, a new endurance, if not a new love of life. She does not like the uniform—not even the brown cloak she is obliged to wear out-of-doors. She is above such small considerations as these, And every she treats the wearers of the brown cloaks, ugly as they are, with respect and consideration and a certain chivalry.

A great many people notice the new nurse, and ask the ward-sister who she is. They are struck by Kate's face, which appears to them the very typical face of a sister of mercy—so calm, so sweet, so pitiful, so tender, and yet so steadfast. Some of the young medical students who visit the hospital rave about her, and some of the old doctors take particular pains to explain the cases to her, and make a favorite of her in this way. Very soon they find her their most efficient assistant, and trust to her the most critical cases in the ward.

So the year of her probation passes, and Kate knows nothing of what is going on in the world beyond the hospital walls. Sometimes she hears from her cousin Ida, but not often. She seems to be leading a gay life and to be quite the leader of fashion in her neighborhood, so that probably she has little time to spend in letter-writing. Her letters, when she does write are descriptions of dinner and croquet parties and garden fetes, and the dresses she wore thereat; but through them all there runs a tone of discontent and of unsatisfied longing which puzzles Kate. She seldom mentions Blondel's name, but when she does it is to find fault. He thinks she keeps too many horses, he wants her to go out of doors, he will not go with her to these entertainments, he interferes with her nothing but his dog and his gun. So she complains, and later on she accounts for some of her peevishness by saying that she is not well, that she has palpitations, that she does not feel well, that everything tires her, and that she wishes Kate were at the Haye to take care of her.

Kate does not echo the wish. She suffered a mortal anguish in that house which she can never forget; she received a sword-thrust into her heart which will ache to her dying day. She is getting over it now, the wound bleeds no more with but she will not go back to the scene afresh. So long as she can keep out of Blondel Haydon's presence she can conquer her pain; but even now she feels that, were she to meet him again, all the old agony would come back to her, possibly with ten-fold power.

Perhaps Kate Sheppard shows great want of spirit in still loving a man who has thrown away her love. That may be—and yet one cannot dictate to one's own heart. She allowed herself to love her cousin with all her mind and strength for twenty years, and she could not forget him now. He is the same Blondel she loved so utterly and unreasonably—so only a strong, steadfast nature like hers can love, and how could she cease to love him now, since he possesses all the attributes for which she loved him before? That he belongs to another woman makes it wrong for her to go on loving him, doubtless, and in so far as she can help it she will not allow herself to do so; but she has not courage those memories that scatter her new quiet as a storm scatters the Autumn leaves. Nor will she of her own free will ever most him again on this side the grave. She never thinks of him—as of some one who has died and been buried long ago—a most beloved memory, and nothing more. So at least she tells herself, and, though she kept the old blue ring among her few relics, she never looks at it. Some day or other she will send it back to him, or give instructions that it shall be given to his wife after his death.

But within a week of the end of her probation in the hospital she has two visitors, within a few hours of each other—two visitors who do much to scatter the hard-earned peace and quiet of the last twelve months.

She is bending over one of her patients—a favorite of hers, a little fair-haired lad with a dislocated shoulder—when she hears her name spoken in a familiar voice, and raising her head, meets Robert Merrick's blue eyes.

"Robert!" she exclaims,gladly yet sorrowfully, holding out both her hands. He takes them in his, and with a very firm clasp, and looks hard and sweet at her" as of old.

"So this is how I find you, Kate! Killing yourself with this kind of thing, when you might have——"

"Come to my drawing-room, Robert. I'm off duty now, and we can have an hour's talk." And she leads the way to what she calls her "drawing room."

It is a small room opening off the ward, a kind of scullery, with rows of bright saucepans on the white walls and a splendid fire in the grate, though it is only May. Here she finds a chair for him, and they sit down on either side of the bright spotless hearth.

"And what on earth made you choose this life, Kate?" Robert exclaims, looking at her severe dress and her strange surroundings. "A girl like you to bury herself alive among a lot of old women and children! I declare it is a disgrace to the present generation!"

"I consider my life one of the noblest out," Kate laughs, in her own gravely sweet fashion.

"Not my own individual life, which it were but what we are doing here. Why, we do more real good to our fellow-creatures here in an hour, sometimes, than many a statesman has done in his whole life."

"Bothering old women and babies!" cries Robert.

"Relieving the suffering, strengthening the weak, feeding the hungry, cheering the hopeless, comforting the sorrowful," Kate answers, and as she speaks, a light comes into her eyes and a flush to her pale cheeks which made Robert Merrick feel queer.

But it is hard life for you, Kate, for all that —you who ought to be out in the world, nicely dressed, as women like to be, and with a house of your own, by, and a husband and children of your own why not?"

"I have not had much of the world," Kate answers sadly, "but it was enough for me. I never want to go in the world again."

"Not even—not even—" exclaims Robert, bruskly. "Why, what have you to look forward to here, Kate? Nothing but a life of endurance and self-immolation."

"No," she says gently, a certain steadfastness which puzzles him. "I have found myself again since I came here, and it is only here that I have learned to endure the pain that was death to me in the world. No doubt you cannot make me dread a future like my present, sad and gray as it may seem to you. It is my only hope of rest and peace till I die."

He looks at her, his own face growing very grave and sad.

"Kate, you know what I've always wished since I was a boy of sixteen. Is there any use in my asking you that question again?"

"No use, Robert," she tells him steadily, a look of pain in her dark eyes as she turns them from his to the fire.

"But think, Katie, think!" he pleads, with the old boyish obstinacy. "Don't be in a hurry—I'll wait any time for your answer—a month, a year! Heaven knows I've waited long enough as it is, but I'm willing to wait as long again if you'll only give me a grain of hope to live upon. You're so gentle and good to every one else, Kate—how can you be so hard to me?"

"Am I hard upon you?" she says, a vague trouble in her face and in her voice. "I do not want to be hard upon you, Robert. I've suffered so much myself. But it is kinder to be cruel sometimes, as I tell my children when I'm obliged to hurt their poor little bruised bodies with bandages and splints. My heart would bleed for you, Robert, if it had not bled for so much already that there does not seem to be a drop left in it. But, if I am to blame, if I have ever led you to think of me other than as a friend, I ask you to forgive me. I have nothing to say as I forgive others, but I have nothing to forgive. No one could help my sorrow, no one was to blame for it,for who can go on loving when love is dead?"

He listens to her, his head on his hand. There is a brief silence, and then he looks up. There are tears in his eyes—such tears as few people can shed without a terrible wrench—bitter, manly tears, the physical result of mental anguish.

"That fellow has broken your heart, Kate," he exclaims bitterly, "and he is not worthy of it! How can you love him so much who does not care for you at all, and not care for me who have loved you all my life?"

"I don't know how it is," she answers sadly, and without resentment. "But I loved Blondel Haydon, and I do not see how people can love twice in their lives. They could not, if they loved like me."

"Or me," Merrick mutters, rising from his chair and kicking the logs. "Then, if that is to be the end of it, Kate, I may go. But, though I shall never see you again—I trust in Heaven I never may, for I don't think I could stand it, since you've left me no hope—I'll always be your friend till the last day of my life. And I don't care how soon that day comes, either!" he concludes; and without another look at her downcast face, at the still figure sitting there in the firelight, he puts on his cap and goes out.

Kate does not look after him. For half an hour she sits there in the same position, the firelight playing on her dress and head, on the clasped hands lying listlessly in her lap. Robert Merrick's words are ringing in her ears, they have thrown her into a dream—a kind of him!

Three hours later, while she is following one of the doctors in his rounds, some one else comes into the ward and stands near the door, watching her fixedly with a look in his face which his presence known. Then she finds herself face to face with Blondel Haydon.

"I have come to ask a favor of you, Miss Sheppard," he tells her gravely, holding her hand in his for a moment. "She wants you to go to her, if you can possibly manage it, for a few weeks. She is not very well; but I think change of air and society more than your nursing. Will you go?"

Kate shakes her head. The doctor has gone on, and she looks after him—she must not detain.

"My father, too, is failing, and always crying out for you—in fact," he adds, with a curious smile, "we seem to be all rather out of sorts. Do not be vain, I am off to Paris for a couple of months."

At this Kate raises her head., but does not appear to notice it.

"If I could, I should like to go, if I am really wanted," she says quietly.

"Ida really wants you. She can talk of nothing else," he tells her. "Indeed you are very much wanted, especially as mamma is away, and I'm only a week or two? Ida has got into a low, nervous state, and seems to find the Hays awfully dull. She is always complaining."

Kate wonders at his leaving her, if such is the case. He is going on to Paris that night. But she promises to go to the Haye if she can. She has her own affairs to see to before she can leave the hospital altogether, and asks how she likes her hospital life.

"I like it," she answers quietly;" but I must not stay here any longer than you see, and must be at my post. Good-bye."

He takes the hand extended to him. Looking up at him, Kate notices how worn his face is, how full of pain and unhappiness it is, has assumed even since she saw it last. It is a handsome face, handsomer now than it used to be, though it is more haggard, and the heavy moustache stoops with a graver line, and the eyes have shadows about them, dark shadows which used not to be there.

"Good-bye," he repeats vaguely, indifferently even, she thinks, and drops her hand. Then he turns to the door, and Kate goes back to the doctor.

"Hand me the sponge, nurse," he exclaims— he is a busy little man, this one—"I've been calling to you for the last five minutes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The English Catholic Bishops are about to revise the Douay version of the Bible.

Over a quarter of the population of Rowland, N. H., have signed the temperance pledge. This would make the number of pledge-signers not less than 6,000.

The resulting of sermons is not fashionable in Texas. There is said to be but one minister in all the state who reads his sermons from manuscript, and he preaches to a congregation of but 20.

The General Council of the Lutheran Church will meet on the 19th of October, in the Second Church of the Holy Communion in this city. Stirring discussions are expected on vexed questions of ecclesiastical polity management.

The Presbyterian church in Ireland has 8 synods 36 presbyteries 559 congregations, 619 ministers 78 415 communicants, and 107,000 adherents. Its annual sustentation fund amounts to $172,000 the ministerial income for the past year was $511,000 the average salary of the ministers was $820.

The number of religious in the one most extensively occupied in the world, having in round numbers 120 000 000 adherents, is 1,000 000 more than the Catholics in the world thus people of all other religious classes. The Methodists are next in order, their adherents about 700 000 000 against about 80 000 000 of the Greek Church, 100 000 000 Protestants, 50 000 000 of the Church of England, and 40 000 000 of the Lutherans. Of the 1 400 000 000 people in the world about 1 000 000 000 are nominal Christians, but, with the exception of the 6 000 000 Jews, all the rest are called heathens. It will be observed from this that there is still a great field left for the spread of Christianity.

The Methodist urges the necessity and honesty of paying proper attention to the eggs of snakes, and says that they should be carefully collected and preserved. He lived with regard to your promise. He owes him much, and he owes you much. Be true to him in what you promised. If it was hasty and thoughtless, inform the presiding elder that you cannot pay so much, and that you will pay him what you can. The pastor and pay him every cent of the stipulated price for his services. Shortage in salaries arises from the fact that many people are careless and negligently. We hope the conference committee will discard, root and branch. No man can live on $500 a year, and no man should be asked to do so. Starving preachers are a disgrace to a self-respecting people.

The Rev. Dr. Messenger is evidently not pleased with the conclusion that on coming together the Jewish religion and Christianity have nothing in common. "No," he says, "Christianity and Judaism are one and the same religion. Christianity is the development of Judaism. Judaism is the germ of which Christianity is the fruit. Christianity is the Judaism of the Jews." Dr. Messenger is evidently not pleased with the conclusion that on coming together the Jewish religion and Christianity have nothing in common. "No," he says, "Christianity and Judaism are one and the same religion. Christianity is the development of Judaism. Judaism is the germ of which Christianity is the fruit. Christianity is the Judaism of the Jews."

The Independent refuses to make a paragraph of camp-meetings in the report of the week's news. The camp-meeting, doubtless, does sometimes give occasion for excesses, but it is also the occasion of much solid and many decent folks; but it should not be classified in that account, neither because some, or many, of the preachers at camp-meetings are illiterate and unreliable people range themselves among the converts only to return to their old life long before the next camp-meeting comes around. There are such evils in churches. We hope camp-meetings will multiply. They are religious and usually refresh by which all can benefit. It will be especially pleasant and wholesome for city people to exchange for a brief period the grand and gloomy stone edifice for the tabernacle of the grove."

FROM NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 30, 1882.

The cry of hard times is still heard among the disappointed speculators and unsuccessful traders. The people who contribute to life very considerably, and sometimes quite eloquently upon nothing—the editors of newspapers—are making what they call progress in their assertions that the world owes every means living. New York abounds in this class of dreamers, who, morning and evening, are to be seen promenading Broadway and Fifth avenue; who are ostensibly in search of employment, but only such employment as will yield a light, well-paid, and genteel one, however their more particular occupation is in lounging, to bridge over the spring of 1883, when it is hoped by their sanguine friends that the tide of fortune will flow in. The rapid increase of wealth by dint of much patience getting on the week ends. All their habits incline to extravagance, such as the great sugars, the necessaries of life, the luxuries, rich food,? and handsome apparel, and the wonder is how they do it. No doubt the most extensive of these kind of speculators have for years found a comfortable living in the boom times, but more humble walks of life.

One of the subjects of comment in fashionable circles is the number of marriages about to be made between young women of wealth and elderly men: the disparity of years being greater than custom permitted in former times. The young men of to-day is not the simplest part, they are more artificial, heartless and hard of a century since. In the large panorama of the gilded youth, None stood more artificial, cold, and hard, not even the fragrance of artificial necessities, a rare or the wealth—failed of no domestic instinct or habits, a sort of a roving mortal of rich mien, who passes his existence in the world, unbounded by the theatre, the opera, and the hotel, convivial dinners, et id cetera in front of fast life. Such men are to be met with in the drive in the Park, of unrivalled speed, and enjoy the unwholesome applause as an authority on turf matters. So it is no wonder that young women should be deceived, and it seems that the former, meeting with so many of their own sex, are not holding back from the higher prizes, but are free settlers at present figuring out which of the two, the Russo-Turkish war or Holy, which has been in progress for the last four years, will be the first to be ended. It is estimated that the demand for our goods will be increased some 100 per cent. The Home Department of the Russo-Turkish war, Miss Henrietta Kaniecky, Ohio and Tennessee crossed the mountains of last year by about 100,000,000 bushels, and there is no reason why the wheels of trade should not be briskly moving in the country for the next twelve months. Extraordinary it is over at the moment nothing to the impatience of the people over the Atlantic, who are in a state of revolution. It is a foul time in consequence upon the war.

The retirement of the savings banks, after the collapse, is as usual a matter of astonishment. The Bowery most Savings Bank is no exception. The President, Broadwell, has been so overwhelmed by the demands upon him that he has been obliged to withdraw the certificates of disability. The upheaval in this case was that men took to the banks, women to the bed; but this fellow stood to his guns, and remained to which he retreated. He has been interviewed and cannonaded, and has been obliged to retire to the rolled down his cheeks in Pocksmillian streams. In seamless and heartfelt was his contrition, that he moved from the bed to the counter, and from that to the extent that they gave him a safe conduct to New York (he was living in the rural parts of New Jersey) to see after some extraordinary in the way of family and private business—that is to say, they promised him freedom from arrest. Now he is back in the bank vaults, so this inimitable Peckmiff redivivus trotted himself ahead of the propriety of securing some of

SPOTS FROWNED HAVE PERISHED.

BY A. L. W.

My chat whenever Screen I nourished,
Lavender with violets blended,
Sachet powder sure I cherished
Which would make me feel befriended,
In the future's deepening gloom!

Spring and the renowned stealing
Into Nature's every feeling,
Showing not joy's death but passing
In the bud of time's tendrils,
All reminiscent of how unfeeling
Or how frigidling was fate's power!

But now the shadows creeping
Fall like a pall over the bright—
Spots of the bliss of weal
Have perished behind night.
Fitful gleams of sorrow leaping,
Every breath's drawn with sight!

And I chilled my heart to madness,
As I watched each phantom flow
Into the ocean of sadness,
Dashed on billows to and fro,
Closed with a shroud of gloom,
Shut within a world of woe.

I have tried in vain to borrow
Lethargy in which to lie
Deep I fear, from present sorrow
Would not my just hope die?
Every breath's drawn with sight!

Yet my heart is troubled and kneeling—
Every hope closes one by one
Light and love from life receding,
I have lost and am left alone,
And I mourn with tears outflowing
Days that cannot come again.

Ah! what a cosmos between I nourished,
Lavender and shadiest blue—
Hope's sweet flowers that blossomed and perished,
Leaving not but cheerlessness—
But in memory they are cherished—
Buried in a living tomb!

Vera's Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY WEDDING DRESS" ETC.

Erlewood, like all small towns, was very exclusive, very satirical, and very hard to please. The inhabitants formed themselves into cliques, and he added, "woe to the man or woman who into one's ears was fatal in the eyes of Erlewood. Moreover, every act, however small, was magnified, and, in passing from mouth to mouth, lost not one little in the telling, indeed it metamorphosed was the tale that, if by chance it reached the ears of the delinquent quite, he or she passed it by with supreme contempt, not understanding or believing that it could relate to them.

Such was the state of things when Brenda Mortlock and her mother came to live at Erlewood.

Brenda was an only child, and her mother's pet and darling. Mrs. Mortlock took up her abode in Erlewood, thinking that it would be pleasanter for her child to have the companionship of her cousin, the Mrs. Graham. Mr. Mortlock's sister, lived at the Priory. But speedily did she discover her mistake. Mrs. Graham looked very coldly on Brenda's bright face and pretty, winning ways, and her daughter Vera scarcely condescended to notice her at all; and, had it not been for the fact that she had attracted the attention of Lady Fitzroy of Erlie's Court, poor Brenda would have been a complete alien. But Lady Fitzroy took a great liking to the simple girl, whose manners were so unaffected and different from those of the Erlewood girls in general, who vied one with the other in courting the good graces of the Lady of Erlie's Court.

When Vera heard that Brenda had been invited to spend a day up at the Court, she shrugged her shoulders, and raised her eyebrows scornfully.

"What curious tastes people have," she remarked. "But Lady Fitzroy always was peculiar, although she is very charming and pleasant."

Yet all Vera's unkind speeches and wishes did not hinder her cousin from spending a very happy day.

Launcelot Willet, Lady Fitzroy's brother, took a strange fancy to the naive, pretty girl, who made no secret of her admiration at all the grandeur she saw and felt as yet new to her, and left lady from the top of her golden brown head to the sole of her dainty little foot.

"She is perfection in her way, Leonore," he said to his sister.

"Yes,she is a sweet little babe," assented the lady. Then, as the young man made no further remark she came forward to the recess from which he was looking out lazily at the starstudded heavens, and touched him on the heart to her. Launcelot," she added laughingly.

"No fear of that," he answered merrily. "Such a catastrophe as that can never occur. I have no time, you know, for love, and if I could love, why might I not choose this simple little life as well as one of the wild flowers of Erlewood?"

"Heaven forbid that you should choose she cried. "There is not a girl in the whole of Erlewood worthy to be our brother's bride."

"I scarcely think they are of the same opinion," Launcelot answered, with a low, mocking laughed that made Vera look up quickly to his face. But you would never have a chance, Launcelot," she added laughingly.

He stooped over her and kissed her on the cheek.

"Have no fear, darling child. I was only made for one or the other. And your heart is violet is no more likely to win me than the lily her gayer but less modest companion. I am doomed to a life of celibacy, I suppose. You will have to put up with me for a long while yet, dear."

The lady looked lovingly at him.

I should be very sorry for you if I failed to expect that I could keep you with me always, Launcelot," she murmured, "but my life could not suppose would be but very dull without you."

Lady Fitzroy was a widow with one bright beautiful boy of six years. Her husband had fallen on the battle-field and from the day when he broke the sad news to his sister, Launcelot Willet had been her constant guard and did not make Lady Fitzroy selfish and although she mingled but little in the gaieties of Erlewood herself, she threw open her park and house to the bright, merry girls and boys whom "my lady's garden party was the one theme that engrossed the thoughts of the fair maidens—and of their mothers also—for many weeks beforehand.

Launcelot Willet was one of the handsomest men for miles round, gentlemanly and rich. What wonder then that mothers sighed as they looked at their marriageable daughters, and wished that his eyes could be opened to their numerous charms?

* * * * * * *

"Brenda, is it not time to change your dress, dear child?"

At the sound of her mother's voice Brenda roused herself from the reverie into which she had fallen.

"Yes, mamma darling; then, glancing at the clock—"What can I have been thinking of? It is half-past three, and I ought to be on the archery-ground now ;" and she hastened away.

Mrs. Mortlock's eyes followed her fondly, and a little smile of triumph lit up her face as she fervently hoped that Vera, haughty, domineering Vera, might be unsuccessful, and her own little Brenda win the prize; for on this day was the contest at the Erlewood Archery Club, and an emerald-studded sheaf of arrows for the lucky, and for hers our-rings, were to be given to the "best shot."

Beside our-look-of archery, and had practised it often at school. She had been anxious to join the party; but dismantling voices had said "No, you who are of the principal [illegible] and decidedly that she was not to be allowed to join the party. So her heart accepted the invitation to Lady Fitzroy; and by some means—Brenda never knew how—she had received a note enrolling her among the members. Unfeignedly delighted was the girl; and believing that Vera had reconsidered her decision, she had thanked her in her own pretty, fervent way. Vera had received her gratitude with a cold smile, but said not one word that could lead Brenda to suppose that her influence had not been used for he desired end. But the fact of the matter was that Lady Fitzroy, amazed at the cordial reserve of the Erlewood girls, had made it a favor to herself that Brenda should be admitted—and of course she was not denied. And now the grand day was come, and Brenda tripped back to her mother's side and kissed her fondly ere she started.

"Why do we not commence?" asked Vera Graham impatiently.

All the members are not here," replied a gentleman by her side.

"Who is missing?" asked the girl.

"Your cousin, Miss Mortlock."

"Oh, she is never punctual" asserted Vera pettishly. "But I don't see why we need wait for her; she is a new member, and scarcely likely to win the prize."

"But it would be extremely unfair to give her no chance of it," Brenda put in another voice; and Vera crimsoned with rage as Launcelot Willet thus expressed his opinion, and almost immediately afterwards sauntered over the ground, to join Brenda as she came rapidly towards them.

"I am afraid I am dreadfully late," she began breathlessly.

"Never mind," said the young man; "don't hurry, or your hand will be unsteady."

"Oh, I am not likely to do any wonders," she cried smilingly. "Vera is the best shot here, much better than any one else, unless it is Margaret Sinclair. She shoots very well sometimes, but she is uncertain."

Launcelot Willet smiled encouragingly. He was by no means sure that that either Vera Graham or Margaret Sinclair would win the prize.

Vera could not disguise her mortification when Brenda, escorted by her companion, came up to her.

"Brenda," she said, angrily, "it is in very bad taste for the newest member to come so late. Had some people never can learn etiquette" she added, spitefully.

A hot flush rose to the girl's cheeks, and she turned a distressed look on Launcelot, who instantly found, though he never said nothing but he constituted himself her cavalier for the afternoon, standing by her and handing her the arrows.

When the first round was over, Vera turned with a mocking bow to her cousin.

"What luck ?" she said. "We are exactly equal so far."

Brenda smiled gladly. She would have been delighted to win the prize, but she never for a moment believed such a feat possible. In almost total silence the second round was shot, and then Vera exclaimed, with a slight quiver of her sister lip

"Your good genius must surely be watching over you, Brenda, for you have actually scored one more than I have."

Perhaps your hand is not steady," hazarded Brenda, who was astonished at her own good luck.

"I don't know why it should not be," retorted her cousin sharply.

The fact of the matter was that, although strictly speaking, Vera had a far better aim than Brenda, she was so thoroughly out of temper and so annoyed to see that Launcelot Willet's attentions were monopolized, that her hand shook from simple rage and vexation. In the last round her arrows flew wide of the mark.

Taking sure and steady aim, Brenda, emboldened by success, shot her last arrow right into the bull's eye. She had won. Congratulations followed from the gentlemen standing by, while the ladies looked coldly on the victor of the ladies. Vera, throwing her bow away, walked up to her, saying in a voice that shook with anger:

"Well, I hope you are satisfied ?"

"Indeed I am," replied the girl simply. I never expected to shoot so well, but it is chiefly owing to my steady practice"—with a grateful glance at Launcelot—"and my learning

To the surprise of the bystanders, and the vexation of Vera, the young man replied—

"I assure you, Miss Mortlock, it has been a great pleasure to me to practice with you."

"No fear of that," he answered merrily. "Such a catastrophe as that can never occur. I have no time, you know, for love, and if I could love, why might I not choose this simple little life as well as one of the wild flowers of Erlewood?"

"Heaven forbid that you should choose," she cried. "There is not a girl in the whole of Erlewood worthy to be our brother's bride."

"I scarcely think they are of the same opinion," Launcelot answered, with a low, mocking laughed that made Vera look up quickly to his face. But you would never have a chance, Launcelot," she added laughingly.

He stooped over her and kissed her on the cheek.

"Have no fear, darling child. I was only made for one or the other. And your heart violet is no more likely to win me than the lily her gayer but less modest companion. I am doomed to a life of celibacy, I suppose. You will have to put up with me for a long while yet, dear."

The lady looked lovingly at him.

I should be very sorry for you if I failed to expect that I could keep you with me always, Launcelot," she murmured, "but my life could not suppose would be but very dull without you."

Lady Fitzroy was a widow with one bright beautiful boy of six years. Her husband had fallen on the battle-field and from the day when he broke the sad news to his sister, Launcelot Willet had been her constant guard and did not make Lady Fitzroy selfish and although she mingled but little in the gaieties of Erlewood herself, she threw open her park and house to the bright, merry girls and boys whom "my lady's garden party was the one theme that engrossed the thoughts of the fair maidens—and of their mothers also—for many weeks beforehand.

Launcelot Willet was one of the handsomest men for miles round, gentlemanly and rich. What wonder then that mothers sighed as they looked at their marriageable daughters, and wished that his eyes could be opened to their numerous charms?

* * * * * * *

"Brenda, is it not time to change your dress, dear child?"

At the sound of her mother's voice Brenda roused herself from the reverie into which she had fallen.

"Yes, mamma darling; then, glancing at the clock—"What can I have been thinking of? It is half-past three, and I ought to be on the archery-ground now ;" and she hastened away.

Mrs. Mortlock's eyes followed her fondly, and a little smile of triumph lit up her face as she fervently hoped that Vera, haughty, domineering Vera, might be unsuccessful, and her own little Brenda win the prize; for on this day was the contest at the Erlewood Archery Club, and an emerald-studded sheaf of arrows for the lucky, and for hers our-rings, were to be given to the "best shot."

Brenda was out-look-of archery, and had practised it often at school. She had been anxious to join the party; but dismantling voices had said "No, you who are of the principal [illegible] and decidedly that she was not to be allowed to join the party. So her heart accepted the invitation to Lady Fitzroy; and by some means—Brenda never knew how—she had received a note enrolling her among the members. Unfeignedly delighted was the girl; and believing that Vera had reconsidered her decision, she had thanked her in her own pretty, fervent way. Vera had received her gratitude with a cold smile, but said not one word that could lead Brenda to suppose that her influence had not been used for he desired end. But the fact of the matter was that Lady Fitzroy, amazed at the cordial reserve of the Erlewood girls, had made it a favor to herself that Brenda should be admitted—and of course she was not denied. And now the grand day was come, and Brenda tripped back to her mother's side and kissed her fondly ere she started.

"Why do we not commence?" asked Vera Graham impatiently.

All the members are not here," replied a gentleman by her side.

"Who is missing?" asked the girl.

"Your cousin, Miss Mortlock."

"Oh, she is never punctual" asserted Vera pettishly. "But I don't see why we need wait for her; she is a new member, and scarcely likely to win the prize."

"But it would be extremely unfair to give her no chance of it," Brenda put in another voice; and Vera crimsoned with rage as Launcelot Willet thus expressed his opinion, and almost immediately afterwards sauntered over the ground, to join Brenda as she came rapidly towards them.

"I am afraid I am dreadfully late," she began breathlessly.

"Never mind," said the young man; "don't hurry, or your hand will be unsteady."

"Oh, I am not likely to do any wonders," she cried smilingly. "Vera is the best shot here, much better than any one else, unless it is Margaret Sinclair. She shoots very well sometimes, but she is uncertain."

Launcelot Willet smiled encouragingly. He was by no means sure that that either Vera Graham or Margaret Sinclair would win the prize.

Vera could not disguise her mortification when Brenda, escorted by her companion, came up to her.

"Brenda," she said, angrily, "it is in very bad taste for the newest member to come so late. Had some people never can learn etiquette" she added, spitefully.

A hot flush rose to the girl's cheeks, and she turned a distressed look on Launcelot, who instantly found, though he never said nothing but he constituted himself her cavalier for the afternoon, standing by her and handing her the arrows.

When the first round was over, Vera turned with a mocking bow to her cousin.

"What luck ?" she said. "We are exactly equal so far."

Brenda smiled gladly. She would have been delighted to win the prize, but she never for a moment believed such a feat possible. In almost total silence the second round was shot, and then Vera exclaimed, with a slight quiver of her sister lip

"Your good genius must surely be watching over you, Brenda, for you have actually scored one more than I have."

Perhaps your hand is not steady," hazarded Brenda, who was astonished at her own good luck.

"I don't know why it should not be," retorted her cousin sharply.

The fact of the matter was that, although strictly speaking, Vera had a far better aim than Brenda, she was so thoroughly out of temper and so annoyed to see that Launcelot Willet's attentions were monopolized, that her hand shook from simple rage and vexation. In the last round her arrows flew wide of the mark.

Taking sure and steady aim, Brenda, emboldened by success, shot her last arrow right into the bull's eye. She had won. Congratulations followed from the gentlemen standing by, while the ladies looked coldly on the victor of the ladies. Vera, throwing her bow away, walked up to her, saying in a voice that shook with anger:

"Well, I hope you are satisfied ?"

"Indeed I am," replied the girl simply. I never expected to shoot so well, but it is chiefly owing to my steady practice"—with a grateful glance at Launcelot

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The hearing of Mr. Bunting toward Philip had, for some years, been as considered as the ceased his wife not only profound astonishment, but serious dismay. The boy had always been liberally supplied with good clothing, and had had an allowance given him for pocket money. This circumstance had, for a long time, been a fruitful cause of surprise to Mrs. Bunting, and made her think there must be some hidden cause for such liberality, knowing, as she did, how necessary it was to practice economy in the family.

Sometimes the miller's manner toward the boy was kind, even affectionate, and at others, especially after one of his periodical absences from home, exceedingly unkind, if not cruel; when quarrels, attended with sharp words, would pass between them, after which the miller always seemed to suffer from a feeling of remorse, and his countenance wore an expression hard to interpret.

This conduct only served to exasperate the boy. Why was he sent so long to school, and allowed to cultivate thoughts and feelings so much at variance with his condition, and that now would only be a blight to him? Better, far better, it would have been to have left him the "poor-house dog" from the first, and then this degradation he was feeling so keenly would have been spared him.

With such thoughts as these passing through his mind, Philip went about his work. Was it any wonder that it was badly done, and that bad words from the miller were the consequence?

Lucy was becoming a large girl now, and her active life added vigor to her frame and new beauties to her handsome face. She began to form acquaintances among the girls in the neighborhood, and so it came to pass that Philip felt as if the last cord that bound him to his present life was loosened, and the companionship of Lucy was drifting away from him.

Philip had always been considered as the adopted son of the miller, and consequently Lucy and he were generally invited out together, for Philip was a handsome boy, with engaging manners, and had therefore always been ready to take a part in the merry-makings of all his young friends; but the recent awakening to his degraded condition had been too rude to be borne without flinching. Society possessed no charms for him now. He loved best to be alone, that he might think over his troubles, and imagine some way in which he might overcome them. Therefore, he was seldom found at the pleasant gatherings of the young people in which he formerly took so much delight, unless requested by Mrs. Bunting to take charge of Lucy on some especial occasion.

But Philip had not counted the cost when he left Lucy to seek elsewhere the protection that he denied her. There were other lads glad to take their place, and her mother found no difficulty in his absence troubled Lucy at first, she soon became accustomed to the change. This was another blow that fell with a crushing weight on his already sorrowful heart.

It was now October, and the forest trees were flaming in their Autumn foliage of brilliant colors.

The miller's habit of indulging in intoxicating liquors had grown upon him. His manner had become coarse and more abusive, and his absences from the mill more continuous, lasting for days at a time. Mrs. Bunting's health, never very vigorous, began visibly to decline under this new aspect of affairs.

One day, when Mr. Bunting, as usual, had gone to town, Philip was standing at the mill window looking out upon the little bridge and the wood just over the water, where he had spent so many pleasant hours.

"Will I ever be so happy here again," thought the boy. "Lucy loved me then, my own little sister! Now, perhaps, in a short time we shall be separated, and I shall be forgotten, or only remembered as a—"

His eyes at this moment encountered the object of his thoughts walking leisurely along the path by the river; and, catching up his hat, he hurried away to meet her just as she was about to cross the bridge.

Hearing some one approach, she turned her head, and Philip was pained to see traces of tears upon her face; but she extended both hands to him and said, with a pleasant smile:

"Welcome, Philip; I thought you had forsaken me entirely. Come, shall we try for a while to think of times have returned to us? I am weary of the house to-day; will you go with me to the wood once more?"

They walked along together until they came to a favorite spot where they had spent many happy hours. It was a secluded nook, densely shaded, in which a rustic seat had been constructed in former times by Philip, who had called it Lucy's Bower.

"I have not known my brother lately," Lucy said, as they seated themselves once more in this pleasant spot. "He is not the same dear Philip he used to be."

"Yes, Lucy, the very same Philip, only awakened now; then I was sleeping"

"Why not sleep again, brother! Is it not better than to awaken to such sad realities? We used to be children once. Are we never to be so again? You are sadly changed, Philip!"

"Ah! Lucy," replied the boy, as he pulled to pieces a sprig of green and scarlet leaves he had broken from a neighboring tree in passing, "I was a boy then, careless and happy in my home. Having you for a companion, I asked nothing more. Now what am I! Scoffed at, where I am not tolerated like a child! Why is it, my dear Lucy, that your father hates me with such bitter hatred, after having loaded me with benefits all my life? It is incomprehensible. I have tried, for mother's sake, to bear everything, but I cannot—O! sister, I cannot stay here and have all my manhood crushed out of me! You would not have me pass my life as ignominiously! But to leave you—" Philip buried his face in his hands, and after a short silence, resumed: "Well, it must be so. I have striven it for a long and weary time, Lucy, both for it, Lucy; I will go out into world and make myself a name, and you shall be proud of your brother yet."

Lucy wiped the streaming tears from her eyes.

"Ah! Philip," she answered, "it is a cruel place, this world you speak of; full of deceit and wickedness, and without money or friends you would be helpless. Stay with us. It is better to encounter known evils than to rush into an unknown future that may bear you to destruction. Father is an old man. He will not always be able to carry on the mill; you can take his place, and we need never be parted. Mother's health is failing, too, and she would grieve so if you were away. You know, dear Philip, she depends ——"

The sound of an unsteady step among the rustling leaves, and which made the ground you covered, interrupted Lucy. She started up in alarm from her seat, for her father was approaching them, without hat or coat, carrying a whip in his hand, and his countenance was inflamed with anger.

"Ah! ha, you young dog, I have caught you," he exclaimed, as he struck a fearful blow upon Philip's upturned face. Smarting from the wound, the boy quickly sprang upon him, and tore the whip from his hand. Seeing that the miller had been drinking deeply, he stood quietly before him, while Lucy threw herself between them.

At a whispered intimation from her, Philip withdrew from the miller's sight, and observing that he was becoming quiet under the soothing tones of Lucy's voice, he hastened away to procure hermasittance.

The cause of the cruel wound was nothing to the feeling of indignation within Philip's bosom, as he fled away to his chamber. With some water and a sponge he soon staunched the blood that was flowing from his disfigured face, and, feeling that to remain longer at the mill would now be an impossibility, he examined into the condition of his purse, which he found, to his satisfaction, contained the snug little sum of sixty dollars, collected up through continual self-denial from his small weekly allowance. He then packed up as many of his clothes as he could carry, and hastily left the house.

About a mile distant from Experiment Mill, in the midst of finely-cultivated grounds, stood the dwelling of Mr. Elliott, formerly spoken of as holding a mortgage on the small estate of Mr. Bunting. This gentleman was wealthy, and, having lost his wife at an early age, he had ever since that sad event lived in a state of seclusion, devoting all his time to the education of his only son. The mansion stood on the slope of a broad hill. It was at once picturesque and commodious, and was surrounded by a fine growth of lofty elm trees, from which its name, "The Elms," was taken.

Will Elliott, the son and heir, was a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, slight in figure, but well formed and active. Being too much inclined to study, his father desired to check rather than encourage his application to books. Therefore, finding that he had formed a friendship for Philip Bunting, for him was the boy always called, he encouraged the intimacy. Philip being fond of out-door sports was a good leader for Will, who was not a backward pupil.

As Mr. Elliott became better acquainted with Philip, he was satisfied that the boy was a profitable companion for his son, and he therefore gave him a cordial invitation to visit "The Elms" whenever he had leisure time at his coun and.

Philip gained much by this intimacy, for when Mr. Elliott found him fond of reading and of gaining knowledge, he gave him free access to his splendid library, which was filled with costly and attractive books, as well as portfolios of magnificent engravings, casts from the antique, medals and coins. Philip found a perfect treasure-house in Philip, who spent many happy evenings there, Mr. Elliott taking opportunities to add instruction on many subjects of interest to their other amusements. It was toward The Elms' that Philip bent his steps after he had left the mill, and when about half way there he met his friend Will coming along the road.

"Hello, old fellow!" cried Will, as he struck him lightly on the shoulder. "Papa has bought you a magnificent pony, as graceful as a fawn, and he's going to give it to you. I was going over to ask the miller to give you a holiday to-morrow, that we might ride out with papa. Phil, you must unless your pony Lucy, for your sister and she are just a team together."

"I am likely to have a good long holiday, Will," answered Philip. "I am never going back to the mill again"

Will opened his great blue eyes in astonishment.

"Not going back!" he cried. "You don't say so! What's up now?"

Will had observed the great red mark on Phillip's cheek, but delicately refrained from mentioning it.

"It's a long story, Will. I am going to see your father, to tell him all about it. Come, let's hurry along."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF EUROPE.

The Eloquent War in England—John Bright, the Politician—Nature of America. The Southern Confederacy and the English Parliament of Commons—William Ewart Gladstone—His Wonderful Ability—Importance of Post-office Savings Banks Under the English Government's System.

NO. V.

The Constitutional history of England is in her great parliamentary struggles, dating back more than six hundred years, when the Barons of Runnymede wrung from King John the Magna Charter or Bill of Rights, which gave to the people comparative liberty as against the autocratic tyranny of the King

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

in London, consists of 654 members: 500 being English, 30 Scotch and 104 Irish. They have been elected by the first suggestion of pendulum in the world. This, now, is doubtful. In the first place, half the House at that, is descended from what is called the nobility. Yet these giant "bodlings," nine-tenths of them without brains, have been elected by blackguardism to the extent that will not consider it disgraceful to bribe their constituents to the tune of ten, twenty, and even fifty thousand pounds sterling, to obtain what is called "the honor of a seat in the House." Hundreds of them, moreover, are so utterly stupid that they cannot express their ideas in their legs, but like a pack of hounds to be gathered in to vote by

THE WHIPPER-IN.

This office is filled by the Whigs and Tories, the two great parties whom Sir Charles Gavan Duffy described as "the two thieves between whom Ireland was scaffled." On great debates right—for it is always at night that the great guns air their orators, commencing about 9 after dinner and ending about 4 in the morning—when a great division is expected, the "whippers in" are busy with their sable brothers, the doorkeepers at the clubs and through out the West End, where most of the members reside.

Our first visit to London was in 1864, just at the time when a tremendous effort was made by the English Tories to recognize

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

Lord Palmerston was then Prime Minister and Mr. Gladstone was described as "The Government of all the Talents." He was always regarded as a wily statesman, and although nearly eighty years of age, was full of the vigor and youthful vigor. He had Louis Napoleon, of France; Gortschakoff, of Russia; Bismarck, of Prussia; Metternich, of Austria, and Cavour, of Italy, as contemporary statesmen of Europe, and our own Abe Lincoln and Seward to confront, yet he always held his own with them all, and in foreign affairs he was looked upon more by any English statesman of this generation. When the crisis of recognition of the Southern Confederacy came up for debate in the House, the "big bodlings" were to break up these United States" as the "Old Pam" as he was called, was confronted by the entire ranks of the English Democracy headed by the great and good

THE JOHN BRIGHT.

With what unflinching energy, with what burning eloquence, with what noble thoughts he fought "the battle of America," and rallied to his aid the best men in that English House of Commons, till the "brethren" of the English aristocrat had given in, and freedom triumphed in the person of the Quaker member for Birmingham!

It is to the honor of Ireland that in the division which saved this country from the horrors of another five years' war and the expenditure of blood and treasure impossible to calculate, she was arrayed on the side of America.

A GREAT SENSATION

was created during this debate by the reading of a list of names of the leading aristocrats of England to the "Confederate States" according to a number of Bons of dollars. The expose fell like a bomb-shell in the Tory camp, and had a great deal to do in gaining the victory achieved by the Liberal party. Old Pam was wily enough not to declare the policy of his government till he would see the temper of the House and of the people more fully developed, but at four o'clock on the last Friday morning of July, 1864, a good majority declared that the Southern Confederacy would "not be recognized by the House of Commons which holds "the sinews of war," and so victory was secured. It is quite impossible to estimate the results flowing from this decision. It had finished, with *France* recognized the Southern States, who can tell what would have been the issue of the Lincoln Amongst; to 554 members there are about 50 clever great men, and the balance is 600 scholars, who are merely useful as drivers in answer "the whip."

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

is the first man in the House, and has been for nearly half a century in office with slight interruptions, and has held office under almost a dozen different Governments. Gladstone was originally a Tory of the Church School, and member for many years of the University of Oxford. He is a profound scholar, a trenchant writer and a great orator. A remarkable fact about him is, that whilst Prime Minister of England, having such multitudinous duties, he found time to write a very learned work on "Homer and the Homeric Age." He is a thorough countryman to the backing reviews, and it was his love for literature that prompted him to resign the exalted position he filled as "First Minister of the Crown," this step was launched by a contretemps he had with the Catholic Bishop on the education question some four years since, which was the cause that he came out in a brochure entitled, "The Pope and the Various Bourses," in which he gave full vent to his pent-up feelings whilst in office, and managed himself seriously amongst his own party, by estranging from its many Catholic supporters, who had always given him a "general support," as it is called in parliamentary phraseology.

GLADSTONE'S ELOQUENCE

in debate has not been equalled since the days of Pitt, Burke and Sheridan. A medium sized man with very dark complexion and iron gray hair, usually dressed in the favorite English black frock, he stalks into the House behind the Speaker's chair and takes his seat at the back of the bench at the right of the Speaker, seated beside him is John Bright, who, in 1860, at his earnest solicitation, became President of the Board of Trade, the first quaker who ever took office under the Crown. When the House sits at four P. M. the first business to order is the putting of questions to Ministers asking questions. Each member of the Cabinet to whose department the question properly belongs answers, but it is dispatched very quickly, and then comes the great fight. Gladstone rises and at once impressed with his earnestness and his greatness, a hush of silence takes place amongst "the howling crowd"—for members that's "noble rats" fill the time—and he is heard with respectful attention and cheered to the echo.

GLADSTONE'S ELOQUENCE.

But it is "as a financier" that Gladstone's greatness shines forth, and exhibits him as the greatest financial mind of Europe. For many years as Chancellor of the Exchequer he had to provide for an expenditure of nearly eighty million pounds sterling, and this amount had to be raised from a population of about thirty millions of people in England, Ireland and Scotland. During the Crimean War the sinews had to be supplied by him, and his calculations were so wonderfully accurate, and his estimates based upon such correct data that no matter how bad the times or how enormous the expenditure it always managed to have a surplus and floated his country over the most difficult times without any apparent pressure of money. England owes Gladstone an immense debt for what he has done for her financially, and the great refer me be inaugurated by establishing his grand system of

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS

by which every post office in the saving mans' bank, and the government as trustee. At the time of the Canadian Bank of Commerce failure, I was in London. In a few days you received from the Bank of England the sum of the paid up stock of the bank, and you have the government as a security. The result of the success of this system is wonderfully apparent in the last report, which is

TWENTY MILLION POUNDS STERLING

is held by the English Government as the savings bank deposits, although at first a dollar has come in that most excellent class of our community, the saving and the industrious. What a public scandal and disgrace has been almost every day in the papers by the news flashed by the wires 'Savings Bank Failure.' Only last week we heard the startling intelligence from the great Orient Bank of Australia that the failures there within a very short time amounted to seventeen millions dollars worth.

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DEPOSITORS

It may well be asked, have we a government in the country in which such deals can be committed in open day, as the people's savings have been the "trustees' fling off to Paris or London and make the "trustees" rich, and the people's savings the prey to the savings of the people. It is enough to create a revolution in the country and to make the people despair of all good government when such hare-faced plundering is taking place almost daily. In New York more than half a dozen savings banks have failed within the last few years, and who can describe the amount of misery entailed by such robberies"

THE REMEDY FOR THE EVIL

is not so difficult when we have the English system as established by Gladstone. Why not inaugurate the English Post Office savings Banks here, and have a check against the custodian. It may be said we will rob, but but they could not do so with the proper securities and the proper checks put upon them.

We very seldom hear of anything being lost in the Post office at least amounting to any vast sum—as it is the system is found to be sound and enough to forward each days deposits to Washington, very little money would be lost. This is one question, a very vital question to the best interests of the best and most industrious of our people and one which, we hope, the people will take up for their own benefit, the benefit of their readers.

Many speakers at greater length than we intended on this question of Government savings banks, but we must conclude, leaving it to the intelligent of their readers.

The Emperor Joseph II. Incognito.

To avoid ceremonious receptions, which he cordially hated, the Emperor Joseph II. assumed the title of Count Faulkenstein. This incognito sometimes led to amusing scenes. Once, and it tend to Hungary, he had halted at a post house, when the newly born babe of Postmaster was about to be christened. Joseph offered himself as sponsor. The priest asked for his name. "Joseph," replied he. "But the surname?" "Second" "What rank, or profession?" "Emperor," was the reply. The amazement of the party soon gave way to a burst of laughter when they saw he presented his little godson with the customary present, but in this case of really royal magnificence. On another occasion Joseph alighted at a hotel before the arrival of his suite. The inquisitive host inquired if he belonged to the service of the Emperor. "Yes," answered Joseph. "I share him sometimes." Many anecdotes are told of his amiable benevolence. Hearing of an old officer who possessed a large family with straitened means, the Emperor unexpectedly called at his house and finding eleven children said: "I know you have ten children, but whose is the eleventh? It is an orphan," replied the veteran, "whom I found at my door, and I could not suffer it to perish from cold." "You are a worthy man in fact of humanity, said: "Let the children be in future mine. I will provide for them, and do you continue to give them examples of virtue and honor. Another time, passing down the streets of Vienna, he saw a young girl, with a bundle under her arm, seemingly plunged in the deepest distress. His desirable enquiries led her to confess that she was the daughter of a deceased officer, and that her mother and herself were reduced to such penury as to part with their few remaining clothes as a last resource. "You ought," replied Joseph, to have petitioned the Emperor. She told him this had been already done, but without success, and recalling the opinion of his Majesty's want of generosity. "You have been deceived" he replied, suppressing his emotion. "I will myself report your case to the Emperor. I know him too well to fear he will refuse you anything." The girl now broke forth into expressions of thanks, which Joseph hastily interrupted, saying, "Allow me to lend you twelve ducats for your present necessities." In a day or two Joseph visited the young girl's lodger, bidding her and her mother repair to the palace. When the young girl saw the Emperor she fainted from joy and surprise. On her recovery Joseph said, in delivering to her a pension equal to the appointment of her father: "I entreat you and your mother to excuse the delay which has been the cause of your embarrassment. You are convinced, I trust. It was involuntary on my part; and should any one in future speak ill of me, I expect you to be my advocate."

ALUMINIUM—An alloy of one hundred parts of aluminium and five of silver can be worked into pure aluminium, but it is harder and susceptible of a beautiful polish. An alloy of one hundred parts of silver and five of aluminium is nearly as hard as ordinary silver, but has the advantage of containing no metal of a poisonous nature, or which can effect a discoloration of the silver.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NUTMEGS AND MACE.—Nutmegs and mace possess narcotic properties. They should therefore be used with caution by persons of an apoplectic tendency.

FOOD FOR CHICKENS.—Experiments in Lake Champlain and I its tributaries on fish culture we are informed, prove that the eggs of a single pair of shad, artificially treated, can be made to produce more young fish than those of 500 pairs of natural spawners.

SIZE OF THE TELESCOPE.—The reason that a telescope enable us to see an object which is invisible to the naked eye is because it gathers together the luminous rays from obscure objects than the eye can, and forms brighter images of them in the tube.

TURNING TOOLS AND PETROLEUM.—A French machinist has discovered that by keeping his turning tools constantly wetted with petroleum he was able to cut metals and alloys with them, although, when the tools were used without oils, their edges were turned and dulled. The hardest steel can be turned easily if the tools be thus wet with a mixture of two parts of petroleum with one part of turpentine.

HUMANIZING EXPERIMENT.—When beginning to use the telephone, it is best at first to speak only in a whisper, low, or an infinite silence, and then change the strain to ordinary or larger objects. By a judicious exercise of this step was learned by the sage of the right will be retarded many years. And, as reading is one of the luxuries of life, and one of the most delightful pastimes, we cannot be too careful of the eyesight, and should study how we may best husband its powers.

PETROLEUM AS A DISINFECTANT.—It appears from the experiments of Dr. Wall that Egyptian petroleum has the power of destroying the fetid emanations from Canadian oils have a specific gravity from 0.790 to 0.845. The Egyptian variety is a very fine but floating oil, free of all tarry matter, but as an illuminating oil it is inferior to American oils. It is rather singular that it is not a favorite for steam generators, as it does not take fire until it attains a temperature of 338 F.

TO PREVENT BOILER EXPLOSIONS.—Whenever the water in a boiler is found unusually low, the attendant should immediately draw the fire and open the boiler to cool it. He will not admit any cold water to the boiler, or attempt to raise the safety valve, as the steam generated by heating it increases the pressure by allowing the steam to escape from the boiler and thus permits the water to boil away, cause its destruction with the overheating iron. Probably many explosions have been caused in this way.

TEMPERATURE OF WATER.—The principal fact found in the Arctic and Antarctic seeking questions. Each addition during June and July of this year is that the Arctic ocean is warmer than the Antarctic, and a sea of Norway is neither at the bottom nor at the surface, but at some intermediate strata of considerable depth. The explanation offered is that in Winter the cold water of the Antarctic region, and a similar but less cold water is formed in the Arctic. It is a long sing which had been observed was acquired and deprived of its virulent qualities after having been exposed to the action of carbonic acid gas for about a week, or soaked in concentrated alcohol.

IODINE OF POTASSIUM AND LEAD POISONING.—M. Melsens has addressed to the Paris Academy of Medicine two reflections with reference to the excellent effect produced by the iodide of potassium in cases of lead or mercurial poisoning. He states that this substance, by rendering the lead or mercury soluble in the animal system, causes all the symptoms of the malady to disappear. Dr. Burq, of the Val-de-Grace Hospital, in which extensive were known there in ancient times. Opium was introduced by the Arabs. It is now used as a narcotic, and is found in the poppy capsule. The digestive organs are affected by the use of opium, and it is found in the form of a dark brown powder, which is mixed in the form of a dark brown powder, which is mixed with water and used by the natives. Opium was first introduced into Europe by the Arabs. It is now used as a narcotic, and is found in the poppy capsule. The digestive organs are affected by the use of opium, and it is found

IN HARVEST-TIME.

The ripening wheat
Shall be reaped shortly;
All is waiting in the harvest.

Yonder over the laden vale,
Where the sun is sinking,
Shading like a jovial host
That bids his table a-prop.

Dozens of birds are winging
Their way across the sky;
And on the golden stubble
The cohen glow and die.

The voice are on the distance;
But like a polished shield,
Hit by a thousand rays,
Lies one uninclined field.

Her Heart's Secret.

"If you refuse Duncan Holcroft you are a complete idiot, Georgina Gilroy, and I wash my hands of your affairs altogether."

Mrs. Caswoin spoke majestically from the room where Georgina, her niece, remains nervously clasping and unclasping her slender white fingers, and wondering why matrimony should be a positive duty in the code by which she had been educated. She is only twenty-two, slender, fair, and looking about sixteen, with her waving golden hair and soft, brown eyes.

She has two hundred pounds a year all her own, and only can't she be allowed to live a quiet life unmolested.

Since her own parents died, about three years ago, she had been dragged from the country parsonage, in which they lived and died, during the little fortune for Georgina by close economy, to her aunt's fashionable home, such as her mother pined for throughout all Georgina's childhood.

"When you marry, I hope you will return to your proper sphere," Mrs. Gilroy would say whenever she spoke of Georgina's future, but she never looked much in labor days.

In the cosy study with her father, her fluffy curls all ruffled by her nervous fingers as she poured over Latin exercises, or studied history; in the plainly furnished drawing room at her own little cabinet piano, playing softly or gradually as the mood seized her; in the free country, wandering here or there, Georgina was utterly, entirely happy. Her hours of unrepression were spent in her mother's room, hearing worsted work, listening to the tales of the faded beauty of her former conquests, before—and here Georgina, thinking of her noble, self-sacrificing father, always grew hot and angry—before she "threw herself away" upon a country parson.

Dining in Mrs. Caswoin's grand drawing room, waiting for Duncan Holcroft to come, and propose to her, as her aunt informed her he had requested permission to do, Georgina, timid and gentle, felt her whole being rise in revolt.

Was life to be to her what it was to her aunt, a round of calling, shopping, party going, party giving, interviews with dressmakers and milliners? Could she not escape to some locality where there were neither aims and desires?

Where?

Mrs. Caswoin had expostulated in vain. Hitherto, Georgina had been gently firm.

But on this day even that failed her before her aunt's wrath at the proposal to dismiss Duncan Holcroft.

He came across the wide drawing room as she sat shrinking, his footfall unheard upon the soft carpet.

He was tall, erect, handsome, past fifty, yet and old; his eyes clear as a boy's, his iron gray hair curly and abundant. His gray moustache, giving a military air to his well-cut features.

Faultless in attire, courteous in manner, he also possessed half a million attractions in solid investments.

But all else seemed to him worthless compared to the possession of the slender, pale child, who, half buried in her arm chair, realised as yet nothing of the yearning love in the large, dark eyes fixed upon her.

It was scarcely to be supposed that Duncan Holcroft, bachelor as he was, had travelled over fifty years of life with untouched heart, but he had lived over all other love till this one came and conquered him.

It stirred his heart with a sick pain, when Georgina, looking up, smiled to her him, while her eyes were full of fear and trouble, seeing him.

She had always given him a frank, cordial greeting, and he had hoped she was sweeter tokens still from her soft eyes and sweet lips, and instead he had lost what we already grew.

"Did you not expect me?" he said, gently, "you look startled."

"I did not know you were here, and it did startle me to see you so close beside me!" Georgina said, a flaming blush suffusing her over cheek and brow, as she wished herself a thousand miles away.

He spoke to her gravely then and very, very gently, and her soul nestled to her time, whisked of her youth, her timidity, and heartily ashamed she could only sob and shiver.

"Child," he said at last, "do I so distress you? Am I so hateful to you than?"

But she interrupted him quickly

"You are not hateful to me," she said, impulsively. "I like you ever ever so much, only—oh, why do you want to marry me?"

He could not keep back a smile, though his heart throbbed heavily with pain.

"I love you, dear," he said. "I love you far too well to wish so grieve you. Shall we be friends still?"

"Oh, if you will," she said eagerly, ignorant of the stab in every word, "let us begin to-day."

As if he could.

But he was a true gentleman, a sincere, unselfish lover, and he hid her on to talk of other matters till the ashy pallor left her cheeks and lips, and she was just her sweet shy self again.

Then he left her.

Left her to meet such wrath from Mrs Caswoin that she rose against her bitter speeches.

"I will go to Hollis Gilroy, since you are so tired of me," Georgina said.

"I would! Go bury yourself in that wretched little farmhouse at Fry Corners you, who might lead the fashion here, Duncan Holcroft's wife."

But even Fry Corners was preferable to Georgina, to the prospect of leading the fashion.

She shivered at the thought; shy, little country flower, and accepted her aunt's ungracious dismissal.

It even seemed as if she threw off a burden as she stepped from her luxurious carriage at the station.

Mrs. Caswoin, slightly remorseful was at the last moment willing to revoke her decree of banishment, but Georgina would not see the flag of truce, only half unfolded, and went to Fry Corners.

It was not a fascinating abode, a small farm, managed by a miserly old man, and one maid servant of seventy or threshout, whose life was a burden because old Mr. Gilroy had failed to make her his wife, after accepting her attentions for a number of thirty or forty years.

Georgina had the free, open country, perfect liberty to do as she pleased, and the command of her own income.

But she was not happy.

"I do believe I am naturally of a discontented disposition," she thought, as she wandered listlessly, on a cheaky lane. "I've got all I want, comfort, and, of course, in a way, luxury, and I ought to be kind to. I can play Lady Bountiful to Fry Corners as a young lady should, and yet I am always sighing for something I can't have, and I'm sure I don't know what it is."

Sighing for what? Georgina could not have told herself, but she was sighing for it, and it was not for Duncan Holcroft's love.

What made that question leap to her mind a hundred times a day.

She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet the thought of his courtly manner, his grave, gentle kindness, his real reverence, so different from the society small talk that wearied and puzzled her.

Did he miss her?

She felt herself such an atom in his circle of friends; as lowly and little, compared to the ladies fluttering ever in his view, as ignorant and insignificant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honor he had paid her.

Spring flower faded, Summer bloom died, Autumn fruits were gathered in, Winter snows spelled.

It was May again, and Georgina had been one year at Fry Corners.

The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his grandchild nursed him.

And, wearying for an interest in life, Georgina gave time, strength, and an unfailing patience to the querulous invalid, never faltering in her self-imposed duties.

He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, his old servant, produced a will giving her the farm and the savings of years of grinding economy.

Georgina had known of this, and had gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy would have made another will.

"I have more than I spend," she said, "and Janet has served you faithfully."

But once more homeless, she joined a party of Mrs. Caswoin's friends and went abroad.

Here she was utterly intense, variety, but never ease for the old heart-hunger.

What would fill her life, round it to its full perfection?

Love was offered more than once, but Georgina, as she shrank she sighed heavily over her own hard heart.

In Rome, where the party lingered many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had read about in books of real ing, what her father often described to her, having visited the Eternal City as a tutor in his young days.

But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily in the general sitting room of the wide house where they all lodged, said, half yawning:

"Holcroft is here, down with the malaria!"

"Where?" some one asked, indifferently.

"At the hotel where we stopped the first week we were here. He's going to die they say."

"Die!" Duncan Holcroft!"

Georgina grasped her way dizzily, unperceived to the balcony.

She must have air or smother.

Die!

Did Hollis Taylor say Duncan Holcroft was dying?

What ailed her head? Why did her heart beat so heavily and slowly?

Die?

Could the wide world hold so much misery as pressed her down?

Like a lightning flash she read the cause of all her restless craving since she had left London.

She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away from her own paradise, closing the door, and Duncan Holcroft would die, and never know she had loved him.

At the hotel where they had stopped? Why it was close beside them.

She could be there in ten minutes.

She never paused to think of propriety. Wrapping her head and shoulders in a fleecy white shawl, she sped along the street, thankful for the early gloom, a slight.

The waiters paused, but led her to the room. At the door she paused.

She could see a Sister of Charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear a sweet voice say

"She is here, in Rome. When I am dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. You will find her at the address I gave you, Georgina Gilroy! You will not forget the name?"

Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the Sister's shoulder.

"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whispered, very low.

But low as it was, the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face.

"Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "dar ling, have you come to say farewell?"

"No," she answered, struggling the sob in her voice; "I have come to pray you to live for me!"

A great joy lighted the languid eyes.

"For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?"

"I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!"

"I cannot die now," he said.

And he did not.

Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life giving sleep all narcotics had failed to give him, waking after many hours to see loving eyes unwearicdly watching him.

They were married when the priest came in a few hours later, the good Sister still remaining to bless the wedding.

But the life giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life forever when once she knew the secret of her own heart.

Mrs. Caswoin says:

"She can't understand why Georgina had followed Duncan Holcroft to Rome, when she might as well have had a proper wedding and reception at home, and Georgina has never explained.

Fry Corners sees her no more, nor will her husband make her a slave to fashion or society, but hand in hand, thoroughly one in heart and mind, they find much joy and tender charity to fill all leisure hours when friendship's calls are answered.

The Domesticated Silk worm.

The magnificent silk farms of North Italy show the domesticated silk worm at his best. In these great nurseries the worm is watched over with unremitting care from the moment when, a tiny black thread, he chips the shell, until, a corpulent mass of wriggling flesh, he spins a cocoon of eating and clothes himself in the golden sheathing of the many-threaded cocoon. The room is filled with the luscious mulberry, as they browse on the fresh picked leaves, has been not inapily compared to that caused by the busy hum of a thrashing machine. The noise busy in reeling off the yellow film that is the future grist for the silk mill, is a positive deafening. Unfortunately, for some quarter of a century past, the silk worm farms of Italy have been scourged by a disease, which, as the oidium in vines and to potato disease, under the influence of hot weather develops and perish by millions.

No domestic animal fatness so rapidly as the silk worm. Give him his fill of food, and he will prefer the latter even the white mulberry, as he likes the white leaves better than the red, and the red leaves better than our common English black. Lettuce leaves, however, imply a white and weaker silk, and a deficiency of healthy silk and the invaluable eggs. The leaf of the white mulberry, which does best suit our soil and climate is the tree found in the first silk worms. In warm countries it is not indispensable that he should spend his whole life in a house. A mulberry tree will harbor a vast population of the crawling inhabitants that turn vegetable fibre into silk, and the leaves will be found scarcely touched, in passing, to protect the cocoons while fully developed, from the heat of July, which is the time when the silk worm is at his best. Then he is ready to turn over, and rob—I—I wonder if Duncan Holcroft ever remembers I have a pet?"

What made that question leap to her mind a hundred times a day.

She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet the thought of his courtly manner, his grave, gentle kindness, his real reverence, so different from the society small talk that wearied and puzzled her.

Did he miss her?

She felt herself such an atom in his circle of friends; as lowly and little, compared to the ladies fluttering ever in his view, as ignorant and insignificant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honor he had paid her.

Spring flower faded, Summer bloom died, Autumn fruits were gathered in, Winter snows spelled.

It was May again, and Georgina had been one year at Fry Corners.

The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his grandchild nursed him.

And, wearying for an interest in life, Georgina gave time, strength, and an unfailing patience to the querulous invalid, never faltering in her self-imposed duties.

He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, his old servant, produced a will giving her the farm and the savings of years of grinding economy.

Georgina had known of this, and had gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy would have made another will.

"I have more than I spend," she said, "and Janet has served you faithfully."

But once more homeless, she joined a party of Mrs. Caswoin's friends and went abroad.

Here she was utterly intense, variety, but never ease for the old heart-hunger.

What would fill her life, round it to its full perfection?

Love was offered more than once, but Georgina, as she shrank she sighed heavily over her own hard heart.

In Rome, where the party lingered many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had read about in books of real ing, what her father often described to her, having visited the Eternal City as a tutor in his young days.

But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily in the general sitting room of the wide house where they all lodged, said, half yawning:

"Holcroft is here, down with the malaria!"

"Where?" some one asked, indifferently.

"At the hotel where we stopped the first week we were here. He's going to die they say."

"Die!" Duncan Holcroft!"

Georgina grasped her way dizzily, unperceived to the balcony.

She must have air or smother.

Die!

Did Hollis Taylor say Duncan Holcroft was dying?

What ailed her head? Why did her heart beat so heavily and slowly?

Die?

Could the wide world hold so much misery as pressed her down?

Like a lightning flash she read the cause of all her restless craving since she had left London.

She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away from her own paradise, closing the door, and Duncan Holcroft would die, and never know she had loved him.

At the hotel where they had stopped? Why it was close beside them.

She could be there in ten minutes.

She never paused to think of propriety. Wrapping her head and shoulders in a fleecy white shawl, she sped along the street, thankful for the early gloom, a slight.

The waiters paused, but led her to the room. At the door she paused.

She could see a Sister of Charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear a sweet voice say

"She is here, in Rome. When I am dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. You will find her at the address I gave you, Georgina Gilroy! You will not forget the name?"

Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the Sister's shoulder.

"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whispered, very low.

But low as it was, the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face.

"Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "dar ling, have you come to say farewell?"

"No," she answered, struggling the sob in her voice; "I have come to pray you to live for me!"

A great joy lighted the languid eyes.

"For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?"

"I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!"

"I cannot die now," he said.

And he did not.

Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life giving sleep all narcotics had failed to give him, waking after many hours to see loving eyes unwearicdly watching him.

They were married when the priest came in a few hours later, the good Sister still remaining to bless the wedding.

But the life giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life forever when once she knew the secret of her own heart.

Mrs. Caswoin says:

"She can't understand why Georgina had followed Duncan Holcroft to Rome, when she might as well have had a proper wedding and reception at home, and Georgina has never explained.

Fry Corners sees her no more, nor will her husband make her a slave to fashion or society, but hand in hand, thoroughly one in heart and mind, they find much joy and tender charity to fill all leisure hours when friendship's calls are answered.

The Domesticated Silk worm.

The magnificent silk farms of North Italy show the domesticated silk worm at his best. In these great nurseries the worm is watched over with unremitting care from the moment when, a tiny black thread, he chips the shell, until, a corpulent mass of wriggling flesh, he spins a cocoon of eating and clothes himself in the golden sheathing of the many-threaded cocoon. The room is filled with the luscious mulberry, as they browse on the fresh picked leaves, has been not inapily compared to that caused by the busy hum of a thrashing machine. The noise busy in reeling off the yellow film that is the future grist for the silk mill, is a positive deafening. Unfortunately, for some quarter of a century past, the silk worm farms of Italy have been scourged by a disease, which, as the oidium in vines and to potato disease, under the influence of hot weather develops and perish by millions.

No domestic animal fatness so rapidly as the silk worm. Give him his fill of food, and he will prefer the latter even the white mulberry, as he likes the white leaves better than the red, and the red leaves better than our common English black. Lettuce leaves, however, imply a white and weaker silk, and a deficiency of healthy silk and the invaluable eggs. The leaf of the white mulberry, which does best suit our soil and climate is the tree found in the first silk worms. In warm countries it is not indispensable that he should spend his whole life in a house. A mulberry tree will harbor a vast population of the crawling inhabitants that turn vegetable fibre into silk, and the leaves will be found scarcely touched, in passing, to protect the cocoons while fully developed, from the heat of July, which is the time when the silk worm is at his best. Then he is ready to turn over, and rob—I—I wonder if Duncan Holcroft ever remembers I have a pet?

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REID.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of
ruth, is the first, the principal study of man.

H.

[CONTINUED.]

HELTER-SKELTER.

"And helter-skelter hawd
Fordo the thee,
And tidinge do I bring."
Henry IV. 2 pt. Old Edition.
Act 2, Sc 3.

—"Or run helter skelter
To his harbor for shelter."—Swift.

Reid, in his excellent work on English dictionary, says: "Helter-skelter is a contraction of the Latin, Hilariter celeriter, 'Cheerfully and quickly.' Richardson's definition is as follows: Helter skelter. Skimer prefers Dutch heer, wholly, and schetteren, to scatter. Mr. Grose says that kelter, or kilter (in the North), is good condition.

Hence hilters kelter, a corruption of helter, to hang, and kelter, order, i. e., 'hang order,' or, in defiance of order. 'In good kelter' is order, in good case or condition." Hence the phrase also of being "in good kelter."

HE MUST BE MADE TO SING.

John Abell was a native of England at the time of the reign of Henry the Second, and was celebrated for his fine counter tenor voice. He was in the royal court, but evading to go, by feigning some slight sickness, was commanded one time to take the palace, he was placed in a chair in the middle of a spacious hall, and suddenly drawn up to a great height, where he found himself and was appeared in a gallery opposite to him. At the same time a number of wild bears were turned into the hall. The king told him that unless he would sing or he let down among the ferocious beasts. Abell chose the former, and declared afterward that he never sang so well on any occasion before. From this circumstance originated the term, "He must find can and won't sing, must be made to sing."

HERMITS.

Hermits, or Eremites, from the Greek, a desert place, were men who sought the most places in avoid persecution, they lodged in caves and cells. The first hermit was found of Thebes, in Egypt, who lived about the year 300. The second was St. Anthony, also of Egypt, who died in 343, at the age of 105.

HE'S IN A HEAVY WAY.

The origin of this term is said to be as follows: One Eastern Prince went to visit another, who, having been shown all the curiosities and attractions of the country, except a large and valuable prison, upon his entertainer took him to a review of his troops, and exclaimed: "These are my fortifications in a heavy way!"

Brick me into that wall there for a chimney piece. And say I was one of the Cæsars done by a seal cutter."

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

HE SLEEPS LIKE A TOP.

Many persons imagine that this simile is taken from the momentary pause of a peg top, or humming top, when it is whipped off at the height; but it is no such thing. The word top is in Italian, tope in that language signifies a mole, and the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field mouse, and dormouse; from which the latter animal proverb, "He sleeps like a top" is derived—Anglice. He sleeps like a top.

It is a curious fact that we find many passages in the old Scottish tribe that appear to be quite familiar in modern ears, and are supposed to be of modern origin; thus the phrase, "The fellow has changed his note." "Mad as a March hare," "Dead as a herring," "Jail bird," etc., can be traced back to Plautus. We give a passage from his Amphitryon. Act 3, Sc 1, which will remind the reader of a similar one in Shakespeare: "I do sincerely believe my wife to be honest and trust virtuous, which if I do be said, it is because I do not know it. Will knight upon Amphitryon's head."

HE'S IN STATE SICK.

Coventry had formerly the reputation of dying true blues as much so that 'true blue' came to be a proverb, and one that is always the same. Hence the origin of the phrase.

HER IS A HARD CUSTOMER.

is evidently taken from Plautis. "Fasti dionus folies est."

HE WEARS THE HORNS.

The notion of Cuckoldom having horns prevails through all the modern European languages, and is of four or five hundred years standing. In Burn Graces there is called Cuckoldom, to horn is to be cresta by those who went to the crusades, as their armorial distinctions, and the cuckold is the first of the horned animals. After the husband had been away three or four years, and came home in humour disposed to be jocular, it was impossible to suppose that the man who wore the horns was a Cuckold. This agrees with some of the witticisms of our old plays.

"Why my good father, what should you do with a wife?
Would you be cresta?"

Sam Alley or Merry Tricks, 1636.

Shakespeare also has it, "Now shall I see if I may be sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightsome of his wife shines not upon me," Merry Wives, iv. 4.

Moses has been pictured with horns on his head, for which there is no Scriptural authority, and it is not improbable that Cuckoldom, to horn Scottish and Fletcher also use it to express Cuckoldom.

"My wife has horned me."—Four Plays in One.

HE WHO LIVES IN A GLASS HOUSE SHOULD BE CAREFUL HOW HE THROWS STONES.

In the reign of Charles II. such adventurers who came over with that monarch were greatly annoyed by persons throwing stones at their houses. Among the instigators was Buckingham, the Count favorite who lived in a large house in St. Martins Field, and on the side of the house in which windows was termed the "Glass House." Now the south, in retaliation, broke the windows of Buckingham's house, and the wits of the day applied the saying to whom the Scotch had previously applied, and the monarch replied to Buckingham. Those who live in glass houses should be careful how they throw stones." Whence arose the common saying.

HE WILL NEVER SET THE RIVER ON FIRE.

Many years ago, before machinery was introduced into those works for the purpose of saving labor, it was the custom for the miller to send it home unsifted. The process of sifting was done thus but until, a corpulent mass of wriggling flesh, he spins a cocoon of eating and clothes himself in the golden sheathing of the many-threaded cocoon. The room is filled with the luscious mulberry, as they browse on the fresh picked leaves, has been not inapily compared to that caused by the busy hum of a thrashing machine. The noise busy in reeling off the yellow film that is the future grist for the silk mill, is a positive deafening. Unfortunately, for some quarter of a century past, the silk worm farms of Italy have been scourged by a disease, which, as the oidium in vines and to potato disease, under the influence of hot weather develops and perish by millions.

No domestic animal fatness so rapidly as the silk worm. Give him his fill of food, and he will prefer the latter even the white mulberry, as he likes the white leaves better than the red, and the red leaves better than our common English black. Lettuce leaves, however, imply a white and weaker silk, and a deficiency of healthy silk and the invaluable eggs. The leaf of the white mulberry, which does best suit our soil and climate is the tree found in the first silk worms. In warm countries it is not indispensable that he should spend his whole life in a house. A mulberry tree will harbor a vast population of the crawling inhabitants that turn vegetable fibre into silk, and the leaves will be found scarcely touched, in passing, to protect the cocoons while fully developed, from the heat of July, which is the time when the silk worm is at his best. Then he is ready to turn over, and rob—I—I wonder if Duncan Holcroft ever remembers I have a pet?

What made that question leap to her mind a hundred times a day.

She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet the thought of his courtly manner, his grave, gentle kindness, his real reverence, so different from the society small talk that wearied and puzzled her.

Did he miss her?

She felt herself such an atom in his circle of friends; as lowly and little, compared to the ladies fluttering ever in his view, as ignorant and insignificant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honor he had paid her.

Spring flower faded, Summer bloom died, Autumn fruits were gathered in, Winter snows spelled.

It was May again, and Georgina had been one year at Fry Corners.

The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his grandchild nursed him.

And, wearying for an interest in life, Georgina gave time, strength, and an unfailing patience to the querulous invalid, never faltering in her self-imposed duties.

He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, his old servant, produced a will giving her the farm and the savings of years of grinding economy.

Georgina had known of this, and had gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy would have made another will.

"I have more than I spend," she said, "and Janet has served you faithfully."

But once more homeless, she joined a party of Mrs. Caswoin's friends and went abroad.

Here she was utterly intense, variety, but never ease for the old heart-hunger.

What would fill her life, round it to its full perfection?

Love was offered more than once, but Georgina, as she shrank she sighed heavily over her own hard heart.

In Rome, where the party lingered many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had read about in books of real ing, what her father often described to her, having visited the Eternal City as a tutor in his young days.

But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily in the general sitting room of the wide house where they all lodged, said, half yawning:

"Holcroft is here, down with the malaria!"

"Where?" some one asked, indifferently.

"At the hotel where we stopped the first week we were here. He's going to die they say."

"Die!" Duncan Holcroft!"

Georgina grasped her way dizzily, unperceived to the balcony.

She must have air or smother.

Die!

Did Hollis Taylor say Duncan Holcroft was dying?

What ailed her head? Why did her heart beat so heavily and slowly?

Die?

Could the wide world hold so much misery as pressed her down?

Like a lightning flash she read the cause of all her restless craving since she had left London.

She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away from her own paradise, closing the door, and Duncan Holcroft would die, and never know she had loved him.

At the hotel where they had stopped? Why it was close beside them.

She could be there in ten minutes.

She never paused to think of propriety. Wrapping her head and shoulders in a fleecy white shawl, she sped along the street, thankful for the early gloom, a slight.

The waiters paused, but led her to the room. At the door she paused.

She could see a Sister of Charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear a sweet voice say

"She is here, in Rome. When I am dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. You will find her at the address I gave you, Georgina Gilroy! You will not forget the name?"

Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the Sister's shoulder.

"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whispered, very low.

But low as it was, the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face.

"Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "dar ling, have you come to say farewell?"

"No," she answered, struggling the sob in her voice; "I have come to pray you to live for me!"

A great joy lighted the languid eyes.

"For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?"

"I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!"

"I cannot die now," he said.

And he did not.

Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life giving sleep all narcotics had failed to give him, waking after many hours to see loving eyes unwearicdly watching him.

They were married when the priest came in a few hours later, the good Sister still remaining to bless the wedding.

But the life giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life forever when once she knew the secret of her own heart.

Mrs. Caswoin says:

"She can't understand why Georgina had followed Duncan Holcroft to Rome, when she might as well have had a proper wedding and reception at home, and Georgina has never explained.

Fry Corners sees her no more, nor will her husband make her a slave to fashion or society, but hand in hand, thoroughly one in heart and mind, they find much joy and tender charity to fill all leisure hours when friendship's calls are answered.

The Domesticated Silk worm.

The magnificent silk farms of North Italy show the domesticated silk worm at his best. In these great nurseries the worm is watched over with unremitting care from the moment when, a tiny black thread, he chips the shell, until, a corpulent mass of wriggling flesh, he spins a cocoon of eating and clothes himself in the golden sheathing of the many-threaded cocoon. The room is filled with the luscious mulberry, as they browse on the fresh picked leaves, has been not inapily compared to that caused by the busy hum of a thrashing machine. The noise busy in reeling off the yellow film that is the future grist for the silk mill, is a positive deafening. Unfortunately, for some quarter of a century past, the silk worm farms of Italy have been scourged by a disease, which, as the oidium in vines and to potato disease, under the influence of hot weather develops and perish by millions.

No domestic animal fatness so rapidly as the silk worm. Give him his fill of food, and he will prefer the latter even the white mulberry, as he likes the white leaves better than the red, and the red leaves better than our common English black. Lettuce leaves, however, imply a white and weaker silk, and a deficiency of healthy silk and the invaluable eggs. The leaf of the white mulberry, which does best suit our soil and climate is the tree found in the first silk worms. In warm countries it is not indispensable that he should spend his whole life in a house. A mulberry tree will harbor a vast population of the crawling inhabitants that turn vegetable fibre into silk, and the leaves will be found scarcely touched, in passing, to protect the cocoons while fully developed, from the heat of July, which is the time when the silk worm is at his best. Then he is ready to turn over, and rob—I—I wonder if Duncan Holcroft ever remembers I have a pet?

What made that question leap to her mind a hundred times a day.

She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet the thought of his courtly manner, his grave, gentle kindness, his real reverence, so different from the society small talk that wearied and puzzled her.

Did he miss her?

She felt herself such an atom in his circle of friends; as lowly and little, compared to the ladies fluttering ever in his view, as ignorant and insignificant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honor he had paid her.

Spring flower faded, Summer bloom died, Autumn fruits were gathered in, Winter snows spelled.

It was May again, and Georgina had been one year at Fry Corners.

The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his grandchild nursed him.

And, wearying for an interest in life, Georgina gave time, strength, and an unfailing patience to the querulous invalid, never faltering in her self-imposed duties.

He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, his old servant, produced a will giving her the farm and the savings of years of grinding economy.

Georgina had known of this, and had gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy would have made another will.

"I have more than I spend," she said, "and Janet has served you faithfully."

But once more homeless, she joined a party of Mrs. Caswoin's friends and went abroad.

Here she was utterly intense, variety, but never ease for the old heart-hunger.

What would fill her life, round it to its full perfection?

Love was offered more than once, but Georgina, as she shrank she sighed heavily over her own hard heart.

In Rome, where the party lingered many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had read about in books of real ing, what her father often described to her, having visited the Eternal City as a tutor in his young days.

But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily in the general sitting room of the wide house where they all lodged, said, half yawning:

"Holcroft is here, down with the malaria!"

"Where?" some one asked, indifferently.

"At the hotel where we stopped the first week we were here. He's going to die they say."

"Die!" Duncan Holcroft!"

Georgina grasped her way dizzily, unperceived to the balcony.

She must have air or smother.

Die!

Did Hollis Taylor say Duncan Holcroft was dying?

What ailed her head? Why did her heart beat so heavily and slowly?

Die?

Could the wide world hold so much misery as pressed her down?

Like a lightning flash she read the cause of all her restless craving since she had left London.

She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away from her own paradise, closing the door, and Duncan Holcroft would die, and never know she had loved him.

At the hotel where they had stopped? Why it was close beside them.

She could be there in ten minutes.

She never paused to think of propriety. Wrapping her head and shoulders in a fleecy white shawl, she sped along the street, thankful for the early gloom, a slight.

The waiters paused, but led her to the room. At the door she paused.

She could see a Sister of Charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear a sweet voice say

"She is here, in Rome. When I am dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. You will find her at the address I gave you, Georgina Gilroy! You will not forget the name?"

Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the Sister's shoulder.

"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whispered, very low.

But low as it was, the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face.

"Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "dar ling, have you come to say farewell?"

"No," she answered, struggling the sob in her voice; "I have come to pray you to live for me!"

A great joy lighted the languid eyes.

"For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?"

"I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!"

"I cannot die now," he said.

And he did not.

Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life giving sleep all narcotics had failed to give him, waking after many hours to see loving eyes unwearicdly watching him.

They were married when the priest came in a few hours later, the good Sister still remaining to bless the wedding.

But the life giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life forever when once she knew the secret of her own heart.

Mrs. Caswoin says:

"She can't understand why Georgina had followed Duncan Holcroft to Rome, when she might as well have had a proper wedding and reception at home, and Georgina has never explained.

Fry Corners sees her no more, nor will her husband make her a slave to fashion or society, but hand in hand, thoroughly one in heart and mind, they find much joy and tender charity to fill all leisure hours when friendship's calls are answered.

The Domesticated Silk worm.

The magnificent silk farms of North Italy show the domesticated silk worm at his best. In these great nurseries the worm is watched over with unremitting care from the moment when, a tiny black thread, he chips the shell, until, a corpulent mass of wriggling flesh, he spins a cocoon of eating and clothes himself in the golden sheathing of the many-threaded cocoon. The room is filled with the luscious mulberry, as they browse on the fresh picked leaves, has been not inapily compared to that caused by the busy hum of a thrashing machine. The noise busy in reeling off the yellow film that is the future grist for the silk mill, is a positive deafening. Unfortunately, for some quarter of a century past, the silk worm farms of Italy have been scourged by a disease, which, as the oidium in vines and to potato disease, under the influence of hot weather develops and perish by millions.

No domestic animal fatness so rapidly as the silk worm. Give him his fill of food, and he will prefer the latter even the white mulberry, as he likes the white leaves better than the red, and the red leaves better than our common English black. Lettuce leaves, however, imply a white and weaker silk, and a deficiency of healthy silk and the invaluable eggs. The leaf of the white mulberry, which does best suit our soil and climate is the tree found in the first silk worms. In warm countries it is not indispensable that he should spend his whole life in a house. A mulberry tree will harbor a vast population of the crawling inhabitants that turn vegetable fibre into silk, and the leaves will be found scarcely touched, in passing, to protect the cocoons while fully developed, from the heat of July, which is the time when the silk worm is at his best. Then he is ready to turn over, and rob—I—I wonder if Duncan Holcroft ever remembers I have a pet?

What made that question leap to her mind a hundred times a day.

She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet the thought of his courtly manner, his grave, gentle kindness, his real reverence, so different from the society small talk that wearied and puzzled her.

Did he miss her?

She felt herself such an atom in his circle of friends; as lowly and little, compared to the ladies fluttering ever in his view, as ignorant and insignificant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honor he had paid her.

Spring flower faded, Summer bloom died, Autumn fruits were gathered in, Winter snows spelled.

It was May again, and Georgina had been one year at Fry Corners.

The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his grandchild nursed him.

And, wearying for an interest in life, Georgina gave time, strength, and an unfailing patience to the querulous invalid, never faltering in her self-imposed duties.

He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, his old servant, produced a will giving her the farm and the savings of years of grinding economy.

Georgina had known of this, and had gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy would have made another will.

"I have more than I spend," she said, "and Janet has served you faithfully."

But once more homeless, she joined a party of Mrs. Caswoin's friends and went abroad.

Here she was utterly intense, variety, but never ease for the old heart-hunger.

What would fill her life, round it to its full perfection?

Love was offered more than once, but Georgina, as she shrank she sighed heavily over her own hard heart.

In Rome, where the party lingered many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had read about in books of real ing, what her father often described to her, having visited the Eternal City as a tutor in his young days.

But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily in the general sitting room of the wide house where they all lodged, said, half yawning:

"Holcroft is here, down with the malaria!"

"Where?" some one asked, indifferently.

"At the hotel where we stopped the first week we were here. He's going to die they say."

"Die!" Duncan Holcroft!"

Georgina grasped her way dizzily, unperceived to the balcony.

She must have air or smother.

Die!

Did Hollis Taylor say Duncan Holcroft was dying?

What ailed her head? Why did her heart beat so heavily and slowly?

Die?

Could the wide world hold so much misery as pressed her down?

Like a lightning flash she read the cause of all her restless craving since she had left London.

She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away from her own paradise, closing the door, and Duncan Holcroft would die, and never know she had loved him.

At the hotel where they had stopped? Why it was close beside them.

She could be there in ten minutes.

She never paused to think of propriety. Wrapping her head and shoulders in a fleecy white shawl, she sped along the street, thankful for the early gloom, a slight.

The waiters paused, but led her to the room. At the door she paused.

She could see a Sister of Charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear a sweet voice say

"She is here, in Rome. When I am dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. You will find her at the address I gave you, Georgina Gilroy! You will not forget the name?"

Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the Sister's shoulder.

"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whispered, very low.

But low as it was, the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face.

"Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "dar ling, have you come to say farewell?"

"No," she answered, struggling the sob in her voice; "I have come to pray you to live for me!"

A great joy lighted the languid eyes.

"For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?"

"I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!"

"I cannot die now," he said.

And he did not.

Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life giving sleep all narcotics had failed to give him, waking after many hours to see loving eyes unwearicdly watching him.

They were married when the priest came in a few hours later, the good Sister still remaining to bless the wedding.

But the life giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life forever when once she knew the secret of her own heart.

Mrs. Caswoin says:

"She can't understand why Georgina had followed Dunc